

THE

SCHOOL FOR ARROGANCE:



C O M E D Y.



THE
SCHOOL for ARROGANCE:

A
C O M E D Y.

AS IT IS ACTED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

BY
THOMAS HOLCROFT.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:
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M.DCC.XCI.



P R E F A C E.

THE Comedy of *Le Glorieux*, by M. Nericault Destouches, is the basis on which *The School for Arrogance* has been formed. From that I have taken the plan, several of the characters, and some of the scenes. Difference of arrangement, additional incidents, and what I deem to be essential changes of character, have all been introduced. The Count has but little resemblance to the original: Lucy and Mac Dermot none. Lady Peckham is a new character, and was first suggested by a friend; who, conceiving highly of the contrast which exists in life, between the pride of rank and the pride of riches, industriously sought to stimulate and rouse my imagination.

The subject of the piece is greatly interesting to morals, and highly worthy of the Theatre. Conscious of the great effects a perfect Comedy might have produced, I regret the imperfections of the present. Some good it will do: I regret that it cannot do more. Persuaded as I am of the moral
A dignity

dignity of the stage, I cherish an enthusiastic wish to see the dramatic art surpass even all its former sublime efforts. Among the pleasures of the imagination, how frequently has its place been the first! Happy indeed should I be, could my success add the smallest impulse to the exertions of Genius: ineffably happy, would but this noble art once more boldly assert its rank; and render itself, not only the general love and delight of mankind, but the veneration of the wise.

It is with peculiar pleasure that I here acknowledge how much I am indebted to the conduct of Mr. Marshall; who, in consequence of the prejudices which it was imagined Mr. Harris laboured under, respecting me, acted, for a time, in my behalf, as the author of the piece. Though anxiously zealous for its success, he still continued impartially attentive to the interests of all parties; and sacrificed his own feelings to promote what he conceived to be a public good.

The tribute of justice is also due to Mr. Harris. This tribute I am happy to have an opportunity to pay. And, that I may

now be consistent, as I always have been, in my private and public language to Mr. Harris, I will here insert a copy of a letter which I wrote to him, when the comedy had been twice performed.

“ SIR,

“ I HAVE patiently waited the proper
“ moment in which to write to you. That
“ moment I hope is now come. I should
“ be guilty of injustice, were I any longer
“ to delay expressing my sense of the pro-
“ priety with which you have acted, rela-
“ tively to The School for Arrogance, after
“ you had every reason to suppose it mine.
“ Such conduct, Sir, is highly honourable ;
“ and is not only productive of the best ef-
“ fects, but must secure the best and most
“ permanent applause. That you had con-
“ ceived disadvantageous ideas of me I knew;
“ though I have no doubt but I shall ulti-
“ mately convince you that, even supposing
“ me to be mistaken, my motives have been
“ laudable ***** (†). With me you were

(†) A single phrase, which relates entirely to myself, is here omitted.

“ irritated ; but you had the justice to forget
“ the man, and promote the interests of the
“ piece. This I hold it my duty to say to
“ the world at large.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your obliged humble servant,

“ *Newman Street,*

“ *Feb. 7, 1791.*

T. HOLCROFT.”

“ To THOMAS HARRIS, Esq.”

Mr. Harris kindly expressed the satisfaction which his own private feelings received, from this letter ; nor can there be a doubt but that the propriety of his conduct, under such circumstances, will be as agreeable to himself, and as pleasing to the public, as it has been to me.

Newman Street,

Feb. 17, 1791.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. BERNARD, in the character of a
News-hawker.

*After sounding and calling "Great news!" without, enter
with a postman's horn, newspapers, cap, and livery.*

GREAT news! Great news! Extraordinary news!
Who'll buy, or give three half-pence to peruse?
(*Sounds*) Great news!—Pray did you call, Sirs? Here
am I!

Of wants and wanted I've a large supply!
Of fire and murder, marriage, birth and death,
Here's more than I can utter in a breath!
Rapes, riots, hurricanes, routs, rogues, and faro!
Famine and flames in Turkey, and the plague at Cairo!
Here's tincture for the gums, which dentists make;
Whose teeth eat most when other people's ache.
Here are rich soups, hams, tongues, oils, fauce, four
krout:

And here's the grand specific for the gout!
Here's turtle newly landed; lamb house-fed:
And here a wife and five small children wanting bread.
Wholesale and retail British spirits here:
And here's the dying speech of poor small-beer!
Here are tall men, short women, and fat oxen:
And here are Sunday schools, and schools for boxing;
Here

i P R O L O G U E.

Here ruin'd rakes for helpmates advertise ;
And only want 'em handsome, rich, and wise.
Great news ! Here's money lent on bond, rare news !
By honest, tender-hearted, christian Jews !
Here are promotions, dividends, rewards ;
A list of bankrupts, and of new-made lords.
Here the debates at length are, for the week :
And here the deaf and dumb are taught to speak.
Here Hazard, Goodluck, Shergold, and a band
Of gen'rous gentlemen, whose hearts expand
With honour, rectitude, and public spirit,
Equal in high desert, with equal merit,
Divide their tickets into shares, and quarters :
And here's a servant-maid found hanging in her garters !
Here ! Here's the fifty thousand, sold at ev'ry shop !
And here's the Newgate calendar—and drop.
Rare news ! Strange news ! Extraordinary news !
Who would not give three-halfpence to peruse ?

(Going, returns)

'Sblues ! I forgot—Great news, again, I say !
To-night, at Covent Garden, a new play !
(In raptures) Oh ! I'll be there ! With Jack, our printer's devil !
We're judges, we ! Know when to clap, or cavil !
We've heard our pressmen talk of, of—of Rome and Greece !
And have read Harry-Harry-Harry Stotle's master piece !
When we have paid our shilling, we're the town !
As wisely can find fault as those who pay their crown !
Nay we, like them, if it be bad or good,
Can talk, as fast as, as—as if we understood !

Oh !

Oh ! I'll be there ; get the first row ; and, with my staff,
I'll act the trunk-maker, thump, roar, encore, and laugh !

The prompter's boy has call'd our Jack aside ;
And says the Play's to cure the world of pride !
That rich folks will no longer think they're born
To crush the weak, and laugh the poor to scorn !
The great 'twill teach that virtue, wit, and merit,
They may perchance possess, but can't inherit !
That learning, wisdom, genius, truth, and worth,
Are far more rich and rare than ribbands, rank, and
birth !

Lord ! Lord ! Whoever heard of such a scheme ?
Teach sense to wealth and pride ! Your poets always
dream !

Could he do this, there's no one will deny
That News ! Strange news ! would be the gen'ral cry.

[*Exit.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Count Conolly Villars,
 Mr. Dorimont,
 Sir Paul Peckham,
 Sir Samuel Sheepy,
 Edmund,
 Mac Dermot,
 Picard,
 Butler, }
 Cook, } *Omitted.*
 Exempt,
 Bailiffs

Footmen,

Lady Peckham,
 Lucy,
 Lydia,

Mr. LEWIS.
 Mr. AICKIN.
 Mr. WILSON.
 Mr. MUNDEN.
 Mr. FARREN.
 Mr. JOHNSTONE.
 Mr. MARSHALL.

Mr. THOMPSON.
 { Mr. CROSS.
 { Mr. LEE.
 { Mr. FARLEY.
 { Mr. EVAT.
 { Mr. LETTENY.
 { Mr. BLURTON.

Mrs. MATTOCKS.
 Mrs. WELLS.
 Miss BRUNTON.

*Scene, London : The house of Sir Paul Peckham and the
 apartments of the Count. Time twelve hours.*

*N. B. The passages between inverted commas are omit-
 ted in representation.*

THE
SCHOOL FOR ARROGANCE:
A
C O M E D Y.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

[*The House of Sir PAUL PECKHAM.*]

Enter LYDIA *followed by* MAC DERMOT.

LYDIA.

ONCE again, Mr. Mac Dermot, have done with this nonsense.

Mac D. Arrah, and why so scoffish? Sure now a little bit of making love—

Lydia. Pshaw! Do me the favour to answer my questions. The Count, your master, is in love with Miss Lucy Peckham?

Mac D. Faith, and you may say that.

Lydia. Is he really well born?

B

Mac D.

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Mac D. Oh ! As for that, honey, let him alone. The noblest blood of France, aye, and what is better, of Ireland too, trickles to his finger's ends. The Villars and the O'Connollys.

Lydia. And he wishes to marry into the family of the Peckhams ?

Mac D. The divle a bit, my dear.

Lydia. How ?

Mac D. He is viry willing to marry the young Lady, but not her family. His pride and his passion have had many a tough battle about that, d'ye see. Only think ! A direct descendant of the former kings of Ireland, and collateral cousin to a prisent peer of France, to besmear and besmoulder his dignity by rubbing it against porter butts, vinegar casks, and beer barrels.

Lydia. Miss Lucy is indeed a lovely girl, animated to excess, and sometimes apparently giddy and flighty : but she has an excellent understanding, and a noble heart ; and these are superior to birth, which is indeed a thing of mere accident.

Mac D. Faith, and that it is—I, a simple Irishman, as I am—why now, I would have been born a duke, had they been civil enough to have asked my consent.

Lydia. The Count fell in love with her at the convent, to which she was sent to improve her French.

Mac D. And where I think you first met with her ?

Lydia. Yes—she saw me friendless, and conceived a generous and disinterested affection for
for

for me.—He has followed her to England; has taken apartments in our neighbourhood, and lives in splendour—yet is not rich.

Mac D. Um, um.—No—But then he is a Colonel in the Irish brigade; and, beside his pay, has sacrit supplies.

Lydia. From whom?

Mac D. Faith, and I don't believe he knows that himself.

Lydia. That's strange!—His pride is excessive.

Mac D. To spake the truth, that now is his failing.—An if it was not for that, oh! he would be the jewel of a master!—He trates his infarriors with contimpt, keeps his distance with his aquals, and values the rubbishing dust of his great grandfathers above diamonds!

Lydia. His character is in perfect contrast to that of his humble rival, Sir Samuel Sheepy; who, even when he addresses a footman, is all bows and affability; whose chief discourse is, Yes, if you please, and, No, thank you; and who, in the company of his mistress, stammers, blunders, and blushes, like a great boy.

Mac D. What is it you till me? He the rival of the Count my master! That old——

Lydia. A bachelor, and only fifty; rich, of a good family, and a great favourite with Lady Peckham, by never having the courage to contradict her.

Mac D. Why, there now! You talk of the Count's pride! Here is this city lady as proud as ten counts! Her own coach horses, ready harnessed, don't carry their heads higher! And then she is as insolent, and as vulgar, and—Hem!

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Enter Lady PECKHAM and Sir SAMUEL SHEEPY, followed by two Footmen, in very smart morning jackets.

Lady P. Here, fellers—go with these here cards [*Footmen receive each a parcel of large cards, and are going*] “Oh! Tell that there “butler to come to me—instantly.”—And—Do you hear?—Vhen you comes back, get those dismal heads of yourn better powder’d; put on your noo liveries, and make yourselves a little like christians.—These creeters are no better nur brootes, Sir Samooel! They are all fo monstrous low, and vulgar!—I have a party to-night; I hopes you vill make von?

Sir Sam. Certainly, my Lady.

“Lady P. Vhy, where is this butler?

Enter BUTLER.

“Butler. I am here, my Lady!

“Lady P. Is all the furniter rubb’d?

“Butler. All, my Lady!

“Lady P. The m’ogany bright?

“Butler. As bees-wax can make it, my Lady!

“Lady P. Bow pots in the china jars?

“Butler. Yes, my Lady!

“Lady P. The picters on the hall stair-case
“scoured?

“Butler. Clean, my Lady!—But, I—(*hesi-
tating*)

“Lady P. You! You vhat?

“Butler. I am afraid their eyes and noses will
“foon disappear.

“Lady P. Psha!—Feller!—Are the noo
“prints come home?

“Butler. Yes, my Lady!

“Lady

"Lady P. And the karakatoors hung up
"in the drawing room?

"Butler. All, my Lady!

"Lady P. You shall come and see 'em, Sir
"Samooel!

"Sir Sam. Your Ladyship has exquisite taste.

"Lady P. Oh! Sir Samooel!—Vell, feller?

"Butler. My Lady!

"Lady P. What do you stand gaping at?

"Butler. My Lady!

"Lady P. Vill you begone, feller?

"Butler. Oh!—Yes, my Lady; (*Aside*) and
"thank you too! [*Exit.*"]

Lady P. So, Miss! is Sir Paul come to town?

Lydia. I have not seen him, Madam.

Lady P. Sir Paul generally sleeps at our
country seat, at Hackney.

Sir Sam. A pleasant retreat, my Lady!

Lady P. Wastly! A wery paradise!—Where
is my daughter, Miss?

Lydia. I don't know, Madam.

Lady P. And why don't you know? Please
to go and tell her Sir Samooel is here. [*Exit*
Lydia.]
—A young purson that my daughter has
taken under her purtection.

Sir Sam. Seems mild and modest, my Lady.

Lady P. Not too much of that, Sir Samooel.
—Who (*Surveying Mac Dermot*)—pray, who are
you, young man?

Mac D. I!—Faith, my Lady, I—I am—my-
self: Mac Dermot.

Lady P. Who?

Mac D. The Count's gintleman.

Lady P. Gentleman!—Gentleman, indeed!
—Count's gentleman!—Ha!—A kind of
mungrel Count, Sir Samooel; half French,
half

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half Irish ! As good a gentleman, I suppose, as his footman here ! I believes you have seen him though ?

Sir Sam. I think I once had the honor to meet him here, my Lady.

Lady P. An honor, Sir Samooel, not of my seeking, I assure you ! Aspires to the hand of Miss Loocy Peckham !—He !—An outlandish French foriner !—I hates 'em all ! I looks upon none on 'em as no better nur savages ! What do they vant vith us ? Why our money, to be sure ! A parcel of beggars !—I wishes I vus Queen of England for von day only ! I would usher my orders to take and conquer 'em all, and transport 'em to the plantations, instead of negurs.

Sir Sam. I have heard, my Lady, that the Count was my rival.

Lady P. He your rival, Sir Samooel ! He ! A half bred, higglety-pigglety, Irish, French fortin hunter rival you indeed !—[*Enter Lydia.*]—Vell, Miss ! Where is my daughter ?

Lydia. In her own apartment, Madam, dressing.

Lady P. She'll be down presently, Sir Samooel—Gentleman indeed ! The Count's Gentleman ! Ha ! Pride and Poverty !

[*Exeunt Lady Peckham and Sir Samuel Sheepy.*]

Mac D. (*Highly affronted*) Pride !—By the holy footstool, but your Ladyship and Lucifer are a pair !

(*Knocking.*)

Lydia. Here comes Sir Paul.

Mac D. Then I will be after going.

Lydia. No, no ; stay where you are.

Enter

A COMEDY.

7

Enter Sir PAUL PECKHAM.

Sir Paul. Ah! My sweet dear Liddy! You are the angel I wished first to meet! Come to my—(*Running up to her.*)—Why how now, huffey? Why so shy?

Lydia. Reserve your transports, Sir, for Lady Peckham.

Sir Paul. Lady!—But who have we here?

Lydia. Mr. Mac Dermot, Sir.

Sir Paul. Oh! I remember—servant to the Count, my intended son-in-law.

Mac D. The very same, Sir. [*Bows.*]

Sir Paul. I hear an excellent character of your master. They tell me he is a fine, hearty, dauntless, swaggering fellow! If so, he is a man of family, and the very husband for my Lucy.

Mac D. Faith, thin, and he is all that!

Sir Paul. As for this Sir Samuel Sheepy, he shall decamp—A water drinker! A bowing, scraping, simpering, ceremonious Sir! Never contradicts any body!—Dammee! An old bachelor! And he! He have the impudence to make love to my fine, young, spirited wench!—But he is my Lady's choice!—Is she within?

Lydia. Yes, Sir.

Sir Paul. I suppose we shall have a fine breeze on this subject! But, what! Am I not the monarch, the Grand Seignior of this house? Am I not absolute? Shall I not dispose of my daughter as I please? Do you hear, young man? Go, present my compliments to the Count, and tell him I mean to give him a call this morning.

[*Lydia makes signs to Mac Dermot to stay.*]

Mac D. I am waiting for him here, Sir.

Sir Paul. Waiting for him here, Sir! No, Sir! You cannot wait for him here, Sir!

Mac D. But, Sir—

Sir Paul. And, Sir ! Why don't you go ?

Mac D. The Count bid me, Sir—

Sir Paul. And I bid you, Sir—Pack ! Be-gone ! [*Exit Mac Dermot.*]—Now we're alone, my dear Lydia—Why, where are you going, huffey ?

Lydia. Didn't you hear my Lady call ?

Sir Paul. Call ? No.—And if she did, let her call.

Lydia. Surely, Sir, you would not have me offend her ?

Sir Paul. Offend ! Let me see who dare be offended with you in this house ! It is my will that you should be the Sultana !

Lydia. Me, Sir !

Sir Paul. You, my Queen of Hearts ! You ! My house, my wealth, my servants, myself, all are yours !

Lydia. You talk unintelligibly, Sir.

Sir Paul. Do I ? Why then I'll speak plainer.—I am in love with you ! You are a delicious creature, and I am determined to make your fortune !—I'll take you a house up in Mary-le-bone ; a neat snug box ; hire you servants, keep you a carriage, buy you rings, clothes, and jewels, and come and sup with you every evening !—Do you understand me now ?

Lydia. Perfectly, Sir !

Sir Paul. Well, and—hay !—Does not the plan tickle your fancy ? Do not your veins tingle, your heart beat, your—hay ? What say you ?

Lydia. I really, Sir, don't know what to say—except that I cannot comply, unless a
Lady,

A COMEDY.

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Lady, whom I think it my duty to consult, should give her consent.

Sir Paul. What Lady? Who?

Lydia. Lady Peckham, Sir.

Sir Paul. My wife!—Zounds! Are you mad? Tell my wife?

Lydia. I shall further ask the advice of your son and daughter, who will wonder at your charity, in taking a poor orphan like me under your protection; “will be happy to see themselves ruined for my sake, and will profit by the example of so venerable a father.”

Sir Paul. Poh! Nonsense!

Lydia. A little farther off, if you please, Sir.

Sir Paul. Nearer! Angel! Nearer!

Lydia. I’ll raise the house, Sir!

Sir Paul. Pshaw!

Lydia. Help!

Sir Paul. My handkerchief! You sweet—

Enter EDMUND.

Edm. Lydia! Sir!

Sir Paul. How now, Sir!—[*Aside to Lydia.*]

Hem!—Say it was a mouse—

Edm. What is the matter, Sir?

Sir Paul. What’s that to you, Sir?—What do you want, Sir? Who sent for you, Sir?

Edm. I perceive you are not well, Sir!

Sir Paul. Sir!

Edm. How were you taken?

Sir Paul. Taken!—[*Aside*] Young scoundrel!—Take yourself away, Sir!

Edm. Impossible, Sir! You tremble! Your looks are disordered! Your eyes wild!

Sir Paul. [*Aside*] Here’s a dog!

C

Edm

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Edm. Be so obliging, Miss Lydia, as to run and inform Lady Peckham how ill my father is!

Sir Paul. Why, you imp! [*Stopping Lydia*] Lydia! Stay where you are—You audacious!—Will you begone?

Edm. That I certainly will not, Sir, while I see you in such a way!

Sir Paul. Way, Sir!—Very well, Sir!—Very well!

Edm. I'll reach you a chair, Sir—Pray sit down—Pray cool yourself.

Sir Paul. Oh, that I were cooling you in a horsepond!

Edm. You are growing old, Sir.

Sir Paul. You lie, Sir!

Edm. You should be more careful of yourself—Shall I send for a physician?

Sir Paul. [*Aside*] Damme, but I'll physic you! I'll—

“ *Enter a MAN-COOK.*

“ *Cook.* Your soup is ready, Sir.

“ *Sir Paul.* Sir!

“ *Cook.* Knew your worship's hour—Never made better in my life—Rich and high! Just to your worship's palate.

“ *Sir Paul.* Why, fellow, don't you see I'm very ill?

“ *Cook.* Ill, Sir Paul!

“ *Sir Paul.* That my eyes are wild, that I tremble, am old, and want a physician?

“ *Cook.* Lord! Sir Paul! I have been your physician for these fifteen years!

“ *Sir Paul.* I tell you, I'm ill; and want cooling!

"ing! Ask that scoundrel else—I'm dying! So
"serve up your dose—

"Cook. Ha, ha, ha! Yes, your worship.

[Exit.]

Sir Paul. [*Muttering as he goes off*] A fly, invidious—The demure dog has a mind to her himself—Yes, yes!—Oh! Damme, pitiful Peter, but I'll fit you!

[Exit.]

Lydia. You see, Sir!

Edm. [*Sbrugging*] I do.

Lydia. I must leave this family.

Edm. Leave! Why, charming Lydia, will you afflict me thus? Have I not declared my purpose?

Lydia. Which cannot be accomplished. You promise marriage, but your father will never consent.

Edm. Then we will marry without his consent.

Lydia. Oh, no! Do not hope it! When I marry, it shall be to render both my husband and myself respectable, and happy: not to embitter, not to dishonour both.

Enter a FOOTMAN.

Foot. A person, who calls himself Mr. Dorimont, enquires for you, Madam.

Lydia. Heavens! Can it be? Shew him up instantly.

[Exit Footman.]

Edm. You seem alarmed!

Lydia. No, no! Overjoyed!

Edm. Who is it?

Lydia. I scarcely can tell you. A gentleman who used to visit me in the convent.

Edm. Have you been long acquainted?

C 2

Lydia.

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Lydia. Little more than two years ; during which he was my monitor, consoler, and guide

Edm. [*Seeing him before he enters*] His appearance—

Lydia. Is poor ; but his heart is rich in benevolence, Pray leave us. [*Exit Edmund.*]

Enter Mr. DORIMONT.

Lydia. [*Running to meet him*] Ah ! Sir—

Mr. Dor. I am happy to have found you once again.

Lydia. What, Sir, has brought you to England ?

Mr. Dor. Business ; part of which was to see you.

Lydia. You have been always generous and kind—Yet I am sorry you should see me thus.

Mr. Dor. Why ? [*Eagerly*] What are you ?

Lydia. An humble dependant—A lady's companion.

Mr. Dor. Alas ! Why did you leave the convent without informing me ?

Lydia. 'Twas unexpected.—You had forborne your visits ; and I feared death, or some misfortune. At my mother's decease, the young lady with whom I live having an affection for me, and seeing me deserted, offered to take me with her to England, promising I should rather be her friend than her companion.

Mr. Dor. And has she kept her word ?

Lydia. On her part faithfully, tenderly !

Mr. Dor. That is some consolation !

Lydia. But—

Mr. Dor. What ?

Lydia. She has a mother, who does not fail to make inferiority feelingly understand itself.

Mr. Dor. [*With some emotion*] Indeed!—[*Collecting himself*] But with whom were you in such earnest conversation when I entered?

Lydia. The brother of my young lady: a gentleman worthy your esteem.

Mr. Dor. And worthy yours?—You blush!

Lydia. Do you blame me for being just?

Mr. Dor. No—He is rich, young, and handsome.—Do you often meet?

Lydia. We do.

Mr. Dor. You are lovely, inexperienced, and unprotected!

Lydia. Fear nothing—I shall not easily forget myself.

Mr. Dor. [*Earnestly*] I hope not.—But what does he say?

Lydia. That he loves me.

Mr. Dor. Is that all?

Lydia. No—He offers me secret marriage.

Mr. Dor. Secret marriage!

Lydia. I see the danger, and wish to shun it.—You may find me some place of refuge in France.

Mr. Dor. Can you so easily renounce all the flattering prospects love has raised?

Lydia. Yes; and not only them, but love itself, when it is my duty.

Mr. Dor. Noble-minded girl!—Remain where you are—Nay, indulge your hopes; for know, your lover will be honoured by your hand.

Lydia. Sir!—Honoured.

Mr. Dor. Honoured!—By birth you are greatly his superior.

Lydia. Can you be serious?—Oh, trifle not with

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with a too trembling heart !—Why did my mother conceal this secret from me ?—Or, if true, why die and leave it unrevealed ?

Mr. Dor. There were reasons—She was not your mother.

Lydia. Not !—Oh, sir ! You have conjured up ten thousand busy thoughts !—Is my mother living ?

Mr. Dor. No.

Lydia. My father ?

Mr. Dor. He is.

Lydia. Why has he so long forsaken me ?

Mr. Dor. That must be told hereafter. Be patient—wait the event.—You are acquainted, I think, with Count Conolly Villars ?

Lydia. He visits here.

Mr. Dor. I have business with him.

Lydia. Ah, Sir ! I fear you will meet a cool reception ! Your humble appearance and his pride will but ill agree.

Mr. Dor. Fear not—My business is to lower his pride.

Lydia. Sir ! He may insult you.

Mr. Dor. Humble though I myself am, I hope to teach him humility. To visit you, and to accomplish this, was the purport of my journey.—Adieu for the present—Think on what I have said ; and, though by birth you are noble, remember, virtue alone is true nobility.

[Lydia rings. Exit Mr. Dorimont, and enter Lucy : her dress more characteristic of the girl than of the woman ; and her manner full of life, but tempered by the most delicate sensibility.]

Lucy. Well, Lydia ! Any news for me ?

Lydia. Mr. Mac Dermot has been here, with
the

the Count's compliments ; but in reality to see if Lady Peckham were at home. You know how much he wishes to avoid her.

Lucy. Yes ; and I don't wonder at it.—She has just been with me, ushering her orders, as she calls it.—“ I desires, Miss, you will receive Sir Samooel Sheepy as your intended spouse.”—And so she has sent me here to be courted ; and the inamorato is coming, as soon as he can take breath and courage !

Lydia. But why, my dear, do you indulge yourself in mocking your mamma ?

Lucy. Lydia, I must either laugh or cry ; and, though I laugh, I assure you it is often with an aching heart.

Lydia. My dear girl !

Lucy. I hope, however, you will own there is no great harm in laughing a little at this charming Adonis, this whimsical lover of mine !

Lydia. Perhaps not.

Lucy. What can his reason be for making love to me ?

Lydia. There's a question ! Pray, my dear, do you never look in your glafs ?

Lucy. Um—yes—But does he never look in his glafs too ?

Lydia. Perhaps his sight begins to decay.—But are not you alarmed ?

Lucy. No.

Lydia. Do not you love the Count ?

Lucy. Um—Yes.

Lydia. Well ! And you know how violent and prejudiced Lady Peckham is !

Lucy. Perfectly ! But I have Sir Paul on my side ; and, as for Sir Samuel, he was dandled so
long

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long in the nursery, and is still so much of the awkward, bashful boy, that he will never dare to put the question directly to me; and I am determined never to understand him till he does.

Lydia. Here he comes.

Lucy. Don't leave me.

Enter SIR SAMUEL SHEEPY.

Sir Sam. [*Bowing with trepidation*] Madam—Hem!—Madam—

Lucy. [*Curtfying and mimicking*] Sir—Hem! Sir—[*Aside to Lydia*] Count his bows!

Sir Sam. Madam, I—Hem!—I am afraid—I am troublesome.

Lucy. Sir—Hem!—A gentleman of your merit—Hem!—

Sir Sam. [*Continues bowing through most of the scene*] Oh, Madam!—I am afraid—Hem!—You are busy.

Lucy. [*Curtfying to all his bows*] Sir—Hem!—

Sir Sam. Do me the honour to bid me begone.

Lucy. Surely, Sir, you would not have me guilty of rudeness?

Sir Sam. [*Aside*] What a blunder!—Madam—Hem!—I ask ten thousand pardons!

Lucy. Good manners require—Hem!

Sir Sam. That I should begone without bidding. [*Going*]

Lucy. Sir!

Sir Sam. [*Aside*] I suppose I'm wrong again!

Lucy. I didn't say so, Sir!

Sir Sam. [*Turning quick*] Didn't you, Madam?

Lucy. A person of your politeness, breeding, and accomplishments—Hem!—

Sir

Sir Sam. [*Aside*] She's laughing at me.

Lucy. Ought to be treated with all reverence. [*Curtfying with ironic gravity.*]

Sir Sam. [*Aside*] Yes! She's making a fool of me!

Lucy. Sir!—Were you pleased to speak, Sir?—Hem!—

Sir Sam. Hem!—Not a word, Madam!

Lydia. This will be a witty conversation.

Lucy. I presume, Sir—Hem!—You have something to communicate.—

Sir Sam. Madam!—Hem!—Yes, Madam, I mean no, Madam—No—Nothing—Hem!—

Lydia. Nothing, Sir Samuel!

Sir Sam. Hem!—Nothing—Nothing.

Lucy. Then may I take the liberty, Sir, to enquire—Hem!—What the purport of your visit is?—Hem!—

Sir Sam. The—the—the—Hem!—The—purport—is—Hem!—I—I have really forgotten!

Lucy. Oh, pray, Sir, take time to recollect yourself—Hem!—I am sure, Sir Samuel—Hem!—You have something to say to me—Hem!

Sir Sam. Yes—No—no—nothing.

Lydia. Fie! Sir Samuel! Nothing to say to a lady!

Sir Sam. No!—Hem!—I never had any thing to say to ladies in my life! That is—Yes—Yes—I own—I have something of the—the utmost—Hem!

Lucy. Indeed!

Sir Sam. A thing which—lies at my heart!—Hem!

Lucy. Mercy!—Sir Samuel!—Hem!—

Sir Sam. Which I—Hem!—Have long—
But I will take some other opportunity. [*Offering
to go.*]

Lucy. By no means, Sir Samuel! You have
quite alarmed me! I am impatient to hear! I
am afraid you are troubled in mind—Hem!

Sir Sam. Why—Hem!—Yes, Madam—
Rather—Hem!

Lucy. I declare, I thought so! I am very
forry! Perhaps you are afraid of death?

Sir Sam. Madam!

Lucy. Yet you are not so very old!

Sir Sam. Madam!

Lucy. But I would not have you terrify
yourself too much—Hem!

Sir Sam. Madam!

Lucy. I perceive I have guessed it.

Sir Sam. Madam! Hem! No, Madam.

Lucy. No!—What then is this important
secret?—Nay, pray tell me—Hem!

Sir Sam. Hem! N—n—n—n not at present,
Madam.

Lydia. Nay, Sir Samuel!

Sir Sam. Some other time, Madam—
Hem!

Lucy. And can you be so cruel to me? Can
you? I declare, I shall dream about you! Shall
think I see you in your winding-sheet! Or
some such frightful figure! And shall wake all in
a tremble—Hem!

Sir Sam. A tremble indeed, Madam!

Lucy. And won't you tell me, Sir Samuel?
Won't you?

Sir Sam. N—n—n—n not at present, Ma-
dam—Hem!

Lucy.

Lucy. Well, if you won't, Sir Samuel, I must leave you; for what you have said has absolutely given me the vapours!—Hem!

Sir Sam. I, Madam!—Have I given you the vapours?

Lucy. Yes, you have, Sir Samuel; and shockingly too! You have put such gloomy ideas into my mind!

Sir Sam. Bless me, Madam—Hem!

Lucy. Your salts, Lydia!—Hem!

Sir Sam. I hope, Madam, you—you are not very ill!

Lucy. Oh, I shall be better in another room—Hem!

Sir Sam. [*Aside*] Yes, yes; 'tis my company that has given her the vapours. [*Aloud*] Shall I—[*Confusedly offering his arm.*]

Lucy. No, no—Stay where you are, Sir Samuel.

Sir Sam. [*Aside*] She wants to be rid of me!—Hem!

Lucy. Only, remember, you are under a promise to tell me your secret—Hem!—If you don't, I shall certainly see your ghost! Remember—Hem! [*Exit.*]

Sir Sam. Madam—I—[*Not knowing whether to go or stay*]*—[To Lydia]* Miss Lydia—Hem!

Lydia. Sir!

Sir Sam. If you would—hem! be so civil, I—

Lydia. Oh, Sir! I have the vapours as bad as Miss Lucy! [*Exit.*]

Sir Sam. Have you?—Hem! Bless me!
“Death! Winding-sheets! Ghosts!—Gloomy
“ideas indeed—Hem!—She was laughing at
“me!

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“ me ! I am sure she was ! Hem ! All my life
 “ long have I been laughed at by young co-
 “ quettish girls ! Yet I can’t forsake ’em ! Then”
 the vapours ! My old trick ! I always give
 young ladies the vapours ! I make ’em ill !
 They are always sick of me ! Hem !—’Tis very
 strange that I can’t learn to talk without having
 a word to say ! A thing so common too ! Why
 can’t I give myself monkey airs, skip here and
 there, be self-sufficient, impertinent, and be-
 have like a puppy, purposely to please the la-
 dies ? What ! Is there no such thing to be found
 as a woman who can love a man for his mo-
 desty ? This foreign count, now, my rival, is
 quite a different thing ! He [*Mimicking*—He
 walks with a straight back, and a cocked-up chin,
 and a strut, and a stride, and stares, and takes
 snuff, and— ! Yes, yes ! He’s the man for the
 ladies !

[*Exit,*

END OF THE FIRST ACT,

A C T

A C T II.

SCENE, *an Apartment in the House of Sir PAUL PECKHAM.*

LYDIA.

I CANNOT forget it—My father alive !
And I of noble descent !—'Tis very strange !
—Hope, doubt, and apprehension are all in
arms ! Imagination hurries me beyond all li-
mits of probability !

Enter EDMUND.

Edm. Why do you thus seek solitude ?

Lydia. To indulge thought.

Edm. Has your friend brought you bad news ?

Lydia. No.

Edm. What has he said ?

Lydia. Strange things !

Edm. Heavens !—What ?

Lydia. You would think me a lunatic, were I to repeat them.

“ *Edm.* Lydia ! I conjure you not to keep
“ me on the rack !

“ *Lydia.* I was enjoined silence, but I feel
“ my heart has no secrets for you—Yet, you will
“ laugh.

“ *Edm.* Ungenerous Lydia !

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Lydia. Yes; you will think me mad."

Edm. Lydia, you are unjust.

Lydia. Am I?—Well then, I am told—Would you believe it?—I am told that my family is illustrious!

Edm. Good heavens!—'Tis true! I feel it is true! Charming Lydia, [*Kneeling*] thus let love pay you that homage which the world, blind and malignant, denies.

Lydia. Rise, Edmund. Birth can at best but confer imaginary dignity; there is no true grandeur but of mind.

Edm. Some one is coming!

Lydia. Aye, aye! Get you gone.

Edm. I am all transport!

Lydia. Hush! Away!

Edm. My angel! [*Kisses her hand.*]

[*Exit hastily.*]

Enter FOOTMAN, introducing Mr. DORIMONT.

Foot. A gentleman to you, Madam.

Lydia. This sudden return, Sir, is kind.

Mr. Dor. I have bethought me. The moment is critical, and what I have to communicate of importance. Are we secure?

Lydia. We are. This is my apartment. [*Lydia goes and bolts the door.*] Have you seen the Count, Sir?

Mr. Dor. No. But I have written to him anonymously.

Lydia. And why anonymously?

Mr. Dor. To rouse his feelings, wound his vanity, and excite his anger. His slumbering faculties must be awakened.—Is he kind to you?

Lydia.

Lydia. No. Yet I believe him to be generous, benevolent, and noble of heart; though his habitual haughtiness gives him the appearance of qualities the very reverse.

Mr. Dor. Worthy, kind girl!—You were born for the consolation of a too unfortunate father!

Lydia. Again you remind me that I have a father. Why am I not allowed to see him? Why am I not suffered to fly into his arms?

Mr. Dor. He dreads lest his wretched and pitiable condition should make you meet him with coldness.

Lydia. Oh! How little does he know my heart! Yet speak; tell me, what monster was the cause of his misery?

Mr. Dor. The monster Pride.

Lydia. Pride!

Mr. Dor. Your mother's pride, which first squandered his wealth, and next endangered his life.

Lydia. How you alarm me!

Mr. Dor. A despicable dispute for precedence was the occasion of a duel, in which your father killed his antagonist, whose enraged family, by suborning witnesses, caused him to be convicted of murder, obliged him to fly the kingdom, and with your mother wander under a borrowed name, a fugitive in distant countries.

Lydia. Heavens!—But why leave me ignorant of my birth?

Mr. Dor. That, being unfortunate, you might be humble: that you might not grieve after happiness which you seemed destined not

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not to enjoy. 'Twas the precaution of a fond father, desirous to alleviate, if not succour your distress.

Lydia. Oh ! How I burn to see him !—Is he not in danger ? Is his life secure ?

Mr. Dor. He himself can scarcely say. His enemies have discovered him, are hot in pursuit, and fertile in stratagems and snares. They know that justice is now busied in his behalf ; but justice is slow, and revenge is restless.—Their activity, I hear, is redoubled.

Lydia. Guard, I conjure you, guard my father's safety ! Let me fly to seek him ! Conduct me to his feet !

Mr. Dor. He wished you first to be informed of his true situation ; lest, knowing him to be noble, you should expect to see him in all the pomp of affluence, instead of meeting a poor, dejected, forlorn old man.

Lydia. His fears are unjust ; injurious to every feeling of filial affection and duty ! The little I have I will freely partake with him. My clothes, the diamond which my supposed mother left me, whatever I possess shall instantly be sold for his relief : my life shall be devoted to soften his sorrows. Oh that I could prove myself worthy to be his daughter ! Oh that I could pour out my soul to secure his felicity !

Mr. Dor. Forbear !—Let me breathe !—Affection cannot find utterance !—Oh ! this melting heart !—My child !

Lydia. Sir !

Mr. Dor. My Lydia !

Lydia. Heavens !

Mr. Dor. My child !—My daughter !

Lydia.

Lydia. [*Falling at his feet*] Can it be?—My father!—Oh ecstasy!

Mr. Dor. Rise, my child!—Suffer me to appease my melting heart!—Oh, delight of my eyes!—Why is not your brother like you?

Lydia. My brother! Who? Have I a brother?

Mr. Dor. The Count is your brother.

Lydia. 'Tis too much!

Mr. Dor. He is not worthy such a sister.

Lydia. The sister of the Count! I!—Ah! Nature, thy instincts are fabulous: for, were they not, his heart would have beaten as warmly toward me, as mine has done for him!

Mr. Dor. I will make him blush at his arrogance. You shall witness his confusion; which shall be public, that it may be effectual.

Lydia. Would you have me avoid explanation with him?

Mr. Dor. Yes, for the present.—I mean to see him. Our meeting will be warm; but he shall feel the authority of a father.

Lydia. If you are a stranger to him, I fear lest—

Mr. Dor. No, no. He knows me, but knows not all his obligations to me.—I have secretly supplied him with money, and gained him promotion; which he has vainly attributed to his personal merits. But I must be gone. My burthened heart is eased! Once more, dear child of my affections, be prudent. I have much to apprehend; but, should the present moment prove benign, my future days will all be peace!

[*Knocking heard at the chamber door.*]

E

Lydia.

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Lydia. [*Alarmed*] Who's there ?

Sir Paul. [*Without*] 'Tis I !—Open the door !

Lydia. I am busy, Sir.

Sir Paul. Pshaw ! Open the door, Itell you !

Mr. Dor. Who is it ?

Lydia. Sir Paul.

Mr. Dor. And does he take the liberty to come into your apartment ?

Lydia. Oh, Sir, he will take any liberty he can.

Sir Paul. Why don't you open the door ?

Mr. Dor. You are furrounded by danger and temptation !

Lydia. Have no fears for me, Sir.

Sir Paul. Will you open the door, I say ?

Mr. Dor. Let him come in. [*Lydia unbolts the door.*]

Enter SIR PAUL.

Sir Paul. What is the reason, you dear little baggage, that you always shut yourself up so carefully ?

Lydia. You are one of the reasons, Sir.

Sir Paul. Pshaw ! You need not be afraid of me !

Lydia. I'm *not* afraid of you, Sir.

Sir Paul. Why that's right. I'm come to talk matters over with you. My Lady's out—a wifiting. [*Mimicking*—The coast is clear. I have secured my graceless dog of a son—I suspect—!

Lydia. What, Sir ?

Sir Paul. But it won't do ! Mind ! Take the hint !—I've heard of an excellent house !

Lydia. You are running on as usual, Sir.

Sir *Paul*. With a convenient back door!—
I'll bespeak you a carriage! Choose your own
liveries! Keep as many footmen as you please!
Indulge in every thing your heart can wish!
Operas, balls, routs, masquerades! Rotten Row
of a Sunday! Town house and country house!
Bath, Bristol, or Buxton! Hot wells, or cold
wells! Only—Hem!—Hay?

Lydia. Sir, I must not hear such ribaldry.

Sir *Paul*. Indeed but you must, my dear—
How will you help it? You can't escape me
now! I have you fast! No scapegrace scoundrel
of a—! [*Mr. Dorimont comes forward*] And so—

Mr. *Dor*. [*Sternly*] And so, Sir!

Sir *Paul*. Zounds! [*Pause*] And so! [*Look-
ing round*] Locked up together! You were
busy!

Mr. *Dor*. Well, Sir?

Sir *Paul*. Oh, very, Sir! Perhaps you have
a house yourself, Sir?

Mr. *Dor*. Sir?

Sir *Paul*. With a convenient back door?

Mr. *Dor*. So far from offering the lady such
an insult, Sir, I am almost tempted to chastise
that impotent effrontery which has been so dar-
ing.

Sir *Paul*. Hem!—You are very civil, Sir!
And, as a return for your compliment, I am
ready to do myself the pleasure, Sir, to wait on
you down stairs.

Lydia. I'll spare you the trouble, Sir.

Mr. *Dor*. Though this Lady's residence here
will be but short, I would have you beware, Sir,
how you shock her ears again, with a proposal
so vile!

Sir *Paul*. Your caution is kind, Sir !

Mr. *Dor*. I am sorry it is necessary, Sir !
 What ! The head of a house ! The father of a family ! Oh ! Shame ! He who, tottering on the brink of the grave, would gratify appetites which he no longer knows, by reducing the happy to misery and the innocent to guilt, deserves to sink into that contempt and infamy into which he would plunge unwary simplicity.
 [*Exeunt*,

SCENE, *the apartment of the Count, an elegant room, with chairs, sofa, glasses, pictures, &c.*

MAC DERMOT and PICARD, *with a letter in his hand, meeting.*

Mac D. So, Mr. Picard ; what have you got there ?

Pic. Von lettre for Monsieur le Comte.

Mac D. Well, give it me, and go about your business.

Pic. No ! I not go about my business ! My business is to speaka to you.

Mac D. To me !—And what is it you want ?

Pic. *Mon argent* ! My wage an my congé ! My dismiss !

Mac D. How, man alive !

Pic. You are dee—dee factotum to dee Count. He suffare no somebody to speaka to him ; so I am come speaka to you.

Mac D. Arrah now, and are you crazy ? Quit the service of a Count ! Your reason, man ?

Pic. My *raison* is you talka too much enough ; he no talk at all ! I follow him from France ;
 I yet

I yet live vid him by and by four month, he no speaka to me four vord !

Mac D. What then ?

Pic. Vat den !—*Je suis François, moi !* I ave dee tongue for a dee speaka ; I mus speaka ; I vila speaka ! He not so mosh do me dee *faveur* to scold a me ! I ave leave dee best Madame in Paris for *Monsieur le Comte*—*Quelle Femme !* Her tongue vas nevare still ! Nevare ! She scold and she clack, clack, clack, clack, clack, from all day an all night ! Oh ! It vas delight to hear !

Mac D. And so you want to be scolded ?

Pic. *Oui*—I love to be scold, I love to scold ; to be fall out an to be fall in—*C'est mon gout*—Dee plaisir of my life ! *J'irai crever !* If I no speak I burst !

Mac D. And is it you now, spalpeen, that would chatter in the prisence of the Count ?

Pic. Shatter ! Shatter ! Ha ! Vat you mean shatter ?

Mac D. Have not you roast beef and plum pudding ?

Pic. Vat is roas beef, vat is plom boodin, gotam ! if I no speaka ? I ave a dee Master in France dat starva me, dat pay me no *gage*, dat leave a me *tout en guenilles* ; all rag an tattare ; yet I love him better as mosh ! *Pourquoi ?* [*Affectionately*] *Helas ! J'étois son cher ami !* His dear fren ! He talka to me, I talka to him ! I laugh at his joke, he laugh *aussi*, an I am both togeder so happy as dee prince ! But dee Count ! Oh ! He as proud !—Ha !—*Comme ça.* [*Mimicking.*]

Mac D.

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Mac D. Poh! Now—My good fillow, have patience.

Pic. *Patience! Moi!—I no patience—If I no speak I am enragé—I am French—I am Picard—Ven dee heart is full dee tongue mus run! I give you varn—Let my Maſta ſpeak, or I ſhall diſmiſſa my Maſta!*

Mac D. Here comes the Count! Stand back, man, and hould your tongue!

[*Enter the Count, followed by two Footmen, in bandſome liveries. Footmen place themſelves in the back ground. Mac Dermot comes a little forward.*]

Count. The more I reflect on my own infatuation, the more I am aſtoniſhed!

Mac D. My Lord—

Count. [*Traverſing the ſtage*] A man of my birth! My rank! “So to forget himſelf!—“Still ſhe is an angel!—But the family of a “cit!”—A brewer’s daughter!

Mac D. My Lord—

Count. [*Gives him a forbidding look*] The world contains not a woman ſo lovely!—“Yet “the vulgar, haughty, diſgusting airs of the “mother! The inſulting familiarity of the “father! And the free, unceremonious tone of “the whole family!—I am fascinated!”—Neither do they condeſcend to court my alliance! “I muſt be the humble ſuitor: I muſt entreat, “muſt ſupplicate permiſſion to degrade my “noble anceſtors, who will abjure me, bluſhing “through their winding ſheets!”—I muſt petition, and fawn, and acknowledge the high honour done.—No! If I do!—Yet ’tis falſe! I ſhall! I feel I ſhall be thus abject.

Mac D.

Mac D. If—I might be so bould—

Count. Well, Sir—

Mac D. A letter for your Lordship.

Count. Oh!—What from the ambassador?

Mac D. No faith, my Lord.

Count. Ha! The Duchefs!

Mac D. No, my Lord, nor the Duchefs, neither.

Count. [*Taking it*] Who then, Sir?

Mac D. Faith, my Lord, that is more than I can say—But perhaps the letter itself can tell you.

Count. Sir!—Who brought it?

Pic. *Un pauvre valet* footaman, mee Lor— His shoe, his stocking, his *habit*, his *chapeau*, vas all patch an piece. And he vas—

Mac D. [*Aside, interrupting him*] Bo!

Count. [*Throwing down the letter, blowing his fingers, and dusting them with his white handkerchief*] Foh!—Open it, and inform me of the contents.

Mac D. Yes, my Lord.

Pic. His *visage*, mee Lor—

Count. How now!

Pic. [*In a pitiful tone*] Mee Lor—

Mac D. 'Sblood, man—! [*Stopping his mouth, and pushing him back.*]

Count. [*Makes signs to the footmen, who bring an arm-chair forward, and again submissively retire*] She is ever uppermost! I cannot banish her my thoughts! Do you hear?—Dismiss those—[*Waving his hand.*]

Mac D. Yes, my Lord.—Hark you, spalpeens! [*Waving his hand with the same air as the Count.*]

[*Exeunt footmen.*]

Pic.

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Pic. [*Advancing*] *Monsieur le Comte*—

Count. [*After a stare*] Again!

Pic. I ave von *requête* to beg—

Count. Pay that fellow his wages immediately!

Mac D. I tould you so! [*Pushing him away*] Hush! Silence!

Pic. Silence! I am no English! I hate silence! I—

Mac D. Poh! Bodtheration! Be asy!—I will try now to make your pace! [*Pushes him off, and then returns to examining the letter.*]

Count. Insolent menial!—Well, Sir? The contents?

Mac D. Faith, my Lord, I am afraid the contents will not please you!

Count. How so, Sir?

Mac D. Why, as for the how so, my Lord, if your Lordship will but be pleased to rade—

Count. Didn't I order you to read?

Mac D. To be sure you did, my Lord; but I should take it as a viry particular grate favour, if that your Lordship would but be pleased to rade for yoursilf.

Count. Why, Sir?

Mac D. Your Lordship's timper is a little warm; and—

Count. Read!

Mac D. Well—If I must I must!—‘The person who thinks proper, at present, to address you’—

Count. [*Interrupting*] Sir!

Mac D. My Lord!

Count. Be pleased to *begin* the letter, Sir!

Mac D.

Mac D. Begin? Sarra the word of beginning is here—before or after—

Count. 'The person'?

Mac D. Yes, my Lord.

Count. Mighty odd! [*Throws himself in the arm-chair*] Proceed, Sir.

Mac D. 'The person who thinks proper, at present, to address you, takes the liberty to inform you that your haughtiness, instead of being dignified, is ridiculous.'

Count. [*Starting up*] Sir!

Mac D. Why now, I tould your Lordship!

Count. [*Traversing the stage.*] Go on!

Mac D. [*With hesitating fear.*] 'The little—merit—you have'—

Count. [*With a look.*] The little merit I have? The little?—The little?—[*Mac Dermot holds up the letter.*]—Go on!

Mac D. 'The little merit you have—cannot convince the world that your pride—is not—is not—is not—'

Count. Is not what? [*Sternly.*]

Mac D. [*Fearful*] 'Impertinent.'

Count. [*Striking Mac Dermot.*] Rascal!

Mac D. Viry well, my Lord!—[*Throwing down the letter*] I humbly thank your Lordship!—By Jasus! But I'll remimber the favour—

Count. [*More coolly*] Read, Sir.

Mac D. To the divle I pitch me if I do!

Count. [*Conscious of having done wrong*] Read, Mac Dermot.

Mac D. No, my Lord!—Mac Dermot is a man!—An Englishman!—Or an Irishman, by Jasus, which is better still! And by the holy poker, if but that your Lordship was not a Lord

F

now!—

now!— [*Pulling down his sleeves, and clenching his fist with great agony.*]

Count. [*Carelessly letting his purse fall*] Pick up that purse, Mac Dermot.

Mac D. 'Tis viry well!—Oh!—Well!—Well!—Well! [*Lays the purse on the table.*]

Count. You may keep it—Mac Dermot.

Mac D. What!—I touch it!—No, my Lord!—Don't you think it!—I despise your guineas!—An Irishman is not to be paid for a blow!

Count. [*With increasfing consciousness of error, and struggling with his feelings*]—I—I have been hasty—

Mac D. Well, well!—'Tis viry well!

Count. I am—I—I am forry, Mac Dermot.

Mac D. [*Softened*] My Lord!

Count. [*Emphatically*] Very forry—

Mac D. My Lord!

Count. Pray forget it! [*Taking him by the hand*] I cannot forgive myself.

Mac D. By the blessed Mary, then, but I can.—Your Lordship is a noble gentleman!—There is many an upstart Lord has the courage to strike, whin they know their poor starving depindants hands are chained to their sides, by wretchedness and oppression: but few indeed have the courage to own the injury!

Count. I will remember, Mac Dermot, that I am in your debt.

Mac D. Faith, and if you do, my Lord, your mimory will be better than mine!—I have lived with your Lordship some years; and, though not always a kind, you have always been a ginerous master. To be sure, I niver before
had

had the honour of a blow from your Lordship ; but then I niver before had the satisfaction to be quite sure that, while you remimbered yourself to be a Lord, you had not forgotten poor Mac Dermot was a man.

Count. Well, well ! [*Aside, and his pride returning*] He thinks he has a licence now to prate.—There is no teaching servants; nay indeed there is no teaching any body a sense of propriety !

Mac D. Did your Lordship spake ? [*Bowing kindly.*]

Count. Give me that letter. And—take the money—It is yours.

Mac D. Your Lordship will be plased for to pardon me there.—If you think proper, you may give me twice as much to-morrow.—But the divle a doit I'll touch for to-day !

Count. Wait within call.

Mac D. [*Going*] I niver before knew he was all togedther such a jewel of a master ! [*Exit.*]

Count. 'Tis this infernal letter that caused me to betray myself thus to my servant !—And who is this insolent, this rash adviser ? May I perish if I do not punish the affront !—Here is no name !—A strange hand too !—[*Reads*] ‘ The friend who gives you this useful lesson has disguised his hand, and concealed his name’—Anonymous coward !—‘ His present intention being to awaken reflection, and make you blush at your own bloated vanity’—Intolerable ! ‘ Or, if not, to prepare you for a visit from one who thinks it his duty to lower your arrogance ; and who will undertake the disagreeable task this very day.’—Will he ? Will he ?—Mac Dermot !

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Mac D. [*Entering*] My Lord !

Count. If any stranger enquire for me, inform me instantly.

Mac D. Yes, my Lord.

Enter EDMUND.

Edm. Good-morrow, Count.

Count. [*Slightly bowing, and with vexation to Mac Dermot*] Why, where are my fellows ? No body to shew the gentleman up ?

Edm. Oh ! You are too ceremonious by half, Count !

Count. [*With quickness*] A little ceremony, Sir, is the essence of good breeding.

Edm. Psha !

Count. Psha, Sir !

Edm. Ceremony, like fringe hiding a beautiful face, makes you suspect grace itself of deformity.

Count. Do you hear, Mac Dermot ?

Mac D. My Lord !

Count. See that those rascals are more attentive !

Edm. Why, what is the matter with you, Count ?

Count. [*Muttering and traversing*] Count ! Count !

Edm. You seem out of temper !

Count. [*Strongly feeling his own impropriety*] Oh dear ! No—No—Upon my honour, no !—You totally mistake—I assure you, you mistake. I'm very glad to see you ! I am indeed ! [*Taking him eagerly by the hand.*]

Edm. I'm very glad you are. Though you have an odd mode of expressing your joy ! But
you

you are one of the unaccountables ! Cast off this formality—

Count. [*Aside*] Very fine ! [*Biting his fingers*] Formality, Sir !

Edm. Give the heart its genuine flow !—Throw away constraint, and don't appear as if you were always on the tenter-hooks of imaginary insult !

Count. I ! [*Aside*] This is damn'd impertinent ! [*Struggling to be over-familiar*] You entirely misconceive me ! My character is frank and open ! No man has less constraint ! I even study to be, as it were, spontaneous !

Edm. Ha, ha, ha ! I perceive you do !

Count. Really, Sir !—[*Aside*] Does he mean to insult me ?

Edm. I thought to have put you in a good humour.

Count. I am in a good humour, Sir ! I never was in a better humour, Sir ! Never, Sir ! 'Sdeath ! A good humour, indeed !—Some little regard to propriety, and such manners as good breeding prescribes to gentlemen—

Edm. Ha, ha, ha ! Well, well, Count, endeavour to forget the gentleman, and—

Count. Sir ! No, Sir : however you may think proper to act, that is a character I shall never forget.

Edm. Never, except at such moments as these, I grant, Count.

Count. By—!

Edm. Well gulped !—I had a sort of a message ; but I find I must take some other opportunity, when you are not quite in so good a humour. [*Going*] I'll tell my sister what—

Count.

38 THE SCHOOL FOR ARROGANCE :

Count. Sir!—Your sister!—My divine Lucy!—A message!

Edm. So! The magic chord is touched!

Count. Dear Sir, I—I, I, I,—I am afraid I am warm.—Your sister you said!—I doubt I—that is—

Edm. Well, well, make no apologies.

Count. Apologies! No, Sir!—I didn't mean—That is—Yes—I—My Lucy! My Lucy! What message?

Edm. Nay, I cannot well say myself. You know the madcap.—She bade me tell you, if I *happened* [*Significantly*] to see you, that she wanted to give you a lecture.

Count. Indeed! [*Aside*] I'm lectured by the whole family. [*Aloud*] On what subject?

Edm. Perhaps you'll take pet again!

Count. I, Sir!—Take pet!—My sense of propriety, Sir—[*Biting his lips.*]

Edm. Why, ay? Your sense of propriety, which, by the bye, my flippant sister calls your pride, [*Count in great agitation*] is always on the watch, to catch the moment when it becomes you to take offence.

Count. You—You are determined I shall not want opportunities!

Edm. You mistake, Count—I have a friendship for you.—Why, what a forbidding stare is that now! Ay! A friendship for you.

Count. Sir—I—I am not insensible of the—honour—

Edm. Yes, you are.

Count. [*With over-acted condescension*] Sir, you are exceedingly mistaken! Very exceedingly! Indeed you are! As I am a man of honour,
there

there is no gentleman whom I should think it a higher—that is—Upon my soul—!

Sir PAUL on the Stairs.

Sir Paul. Is the Count at home, young man?

Footman. [*Without*] Yes, Sir.

Edm. I hear my father! We have had a fracas; I must escape! If you will come and listen to my sister's lecture, so—Good-morrow! [*Exit.*

Count. 'Tis insufferable! Never sure did man of my rank run the gauntlet thus! No respect! No distinction of persons! But with people of this class 'tis ever so—Hail fellow well met!

Enter SIR PAUL.

Sir Paul. Ay! Hail fellow well met! Hay! You jolly dog! [*Shaking him heartily by the band.*]

Count. Hem! Good—Good-morrow, Sir! [*Aside*] Here is another family lecturer!

Sir Paul. Was not that young Mock-modersty that brushed by me on the stairs?

Count. It was your son, Sir.

Sir Paul. Good morning, Sir! [*Mimicking*] said the scoundrel, when he was out of my reach.—Dammee! [*With a kick*] I would have shewn him the shortest way to the bottom!—Well—Hay! You have elegant apartments here!

Count. [*With contempt*] Very indifferent, Sir!

Sir Paul. I shall remain in town for a fortnight, and am glad you live so near—We'll storm the wine-cellar!—I hear you are no flincher!—Hay! When shall we have a set-to!

Hay?

40 THE SCHOOL FOR ARROGANCE :

Hay ! When shall we have a rory tory ? A catch, and a toast, and a gallon a man !—But—Hay ! —What's the matter ?—An't you well ?

Count. [*With sudden excess of affability*] Oh, yes, Sir Paul ! Exceedingly well, Sir Paul ! Never better, Sir Paul !

Sir Paul. Why, that's right—I thought you had been struck dumb.

Count. Oh ! By no means, Sir Paul ! I am very happy to see you ! Extremely happy ! Inexpressibly—

Sir Paul. I knew you would—What say you to my Lucy ? Hay !

Count. Say ! That she—She is a phoenix ! [*In raptures.*]

Sir Paul. Dammee, so she is ! What is a phoenix ?

Count. I adore her !

Sir Paul. That's right !

Count. The day that makes her mine, will be the happiest of my life !

Sir Paul. So it will—For I'll make you as drunk as an emperor ! Hollo, there !—Get your master's hat—Come, come ; you shall dine with me. [*Locking him by the arm.*]

Count. Sir !

Sir Paul. Dammee, I'll make you drunk to-day !

Count. Did you speak to me, Sir ?

Sir Paul. To you ? Why, what the devil ! Do you think I spoke to your footman ? [*Quitting his arm.*]

Count. [*Again endeavouring to be affable*] Oh, no, Sir Paul ! No ! I—Pardon me—I—I was absent.

Sir

Sir Paul. Absent !—I smell a rat—Your dignity took miff !

Count. No, Sir Paul ; by no means—No—I—That is—I will acknowledge, I am not very much accustomed to such familiarities.

Sir Paul. Are you not ? Then you soon must be.

Count. Sir !

Sir Paul. Ay, Sir ! A few lessons from me will cure you.

Count. Sir—I—

Sir Paul. I am the man to make you throw off ! I'll teach you to kick your stateliness down stairs, and toss your pride, as I do my wig, behind the fire.

Count. Good breeding, Sir—

Sir Paul. Good breeding, Sir, is a block-head, Sir ! None of your formal Don Glums ! None of your *grand pas* for me ! A friend, good fellowship, and t'other bottle ! That's my motto !

Count. People of my rank distinguish—

Sir Paul. Damn distinctions !

Count. They make it a condition, Sir—

Sir Paul. Indeed !—Look you, my dear Count, either unbridle, or you and I are two. You tell me you love my daughter—She is the finest girl in England ; and I believe the slut has taken a fancy to you. The match pleases me, because it displeases my wife—And, except when you are riding your high horse, I like you, Count.—Dismount, and it's a match.—If not, turn the peg, and prance ! I'm your humble !

G

Count.

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G

Count.

Count. [*Aside*] I'll not endure it! Racks shall not make me bend to this!

Sir Paul. Lucy is a wench after my own heart!—No piping, no pining, no fobbing for her! I have a fine fellow in my eye—

Count. Sir! [*Alarmed*]

Sir Paul. None of your Sir Ramrod Grumble-gizzards!

Count. By Heavens! I would cut the villain's throat who should dare impede my happiness!

Sir Paul. Why ay! Dammee, now you talk!

Count. The loss of my Lucy would render me the most wretched of beings!

Enter MAC DERMOT with the hat.

Sir Paul. To be sure—[*Taking him again by the arm*] Come, come! [*Claps the Count's hat on his head*] Dinner is waiting! I smell the haunch! It perfumes the whole street! Come along! I hate the shackles of ceremony! A smoking table, and a replenished sideboard, soon put all men on a level! Your hungry and thirsty souls for me! He that enters my house, always deposits his grandeur, if he has any, at the door! [*Sings*]

"This brown jug, my dear Tom, which now foams with mild ale."

Mac D. Well said, old Toby! Oh! [*Rubbing his hands.*]

[*Exeunt. The Count making disconcerted attempts to preserve his stateliness, wishing to be familiar, scarcely knowing how to behave, and Mac Dermot enjoying his embarrassment.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I. *The drawing-room of Sir Paul Peckham elegantly furnished, but hung all round with prints, chiefly caricatures.*

EDMUND and LYDIA.

Edm. I SHALL never recover from my surprize!

Lydia. Hush!

Edm. The Count your brother?—My sister, my family, must be informed.

Lydia. Not on your life, Edmund. So implacable are his enemies, that my father informs me an Exempt, bribed by them, has followed him to England.

Edm. Impotent malice! The laws will here protect him.

Lydia. Oh! Who can say? The wicked cunning of such life-hunters is dreadful!—I insist therefore upon your promise.

Edm. My Angel! Fear nothing! [*Kissing her hand.*]

Enter Lucy unperceived.

Lucy. [*Placing herself beside Edmund*] Turn about!—Now me. [*Holding out her hand*]

Edm. Oh sister! I am the happiest of men!

G 2

Lucy.

Lucy. And you appear to be very busy too, with your happiness.

Edm. Did you but know!—

Lucy. Oh! I know a great deal more than you suspect—Not but you seem to be taking measures to inform the whole house.

Edm. Of what?

Lucy. [*Placing herself between them*] That you two are never easy apart.

Edm. Sister—I—I must insist that you speak of this Lady with—with every respect!

Lucy. Brother!

Lydia. Edmund!

“*Lucy.* [*Looking first at one and then at the other*] Strange enough this!

“*Edm.* Were I to tell you—

“*Lydia.* [*Aside, and making signs*] Very well!

“*Lucy.* Tell me what?—Why don't you tell me?

“*Edm.* Pshaw! No no—Nothing—I—I don't know what I am saying.

“*Lucy.* Why surely you don't imagine your fondness for each other is any secret?”

Edm. Sister! I don't understand—Are you narrow-minded enough to suppose this young lady unworthy the hand of—

Lucy. Of my brother?—No—To call my Lydia Sister [*Taking her hand*] is one of the things on earth I most fervently wish.

Lydia. My generous friend!

Edm. My charming girl!

Lucy. But—then—

Edm. There are now no buts! It will be an honour—I say, sister, you—you don't know—In short I must very earnestly solicit you to treat
Miss

Miss Lydia with all possible delicacy—I—I—I cannot tell you more at present—But I once again request, I conjure, nay I—

Lydia. Hem!

Lucy. Hem!—Humph!

Edm. You—You understand me, sister. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Indeed I don't!—There now goes one of your Lord and Masters! Take care of him! He'll make an excellent grand Turk—
[*Humorously burlesquing*] 'Treat Miss Lydia, 'I say, with all possible delicacy'—And have I, Lydia, have I shewn a want of delicacy to my friend?

Lydia. Oh, no! My heart throbs with an oppressive sense of your generous, your affectionate attention to me.

Lucy. Oppressive?—Well! This is the proudest world!

Lydia. Nay, I didn't mean—

Lucy. Oh! No matter!

Lydia. Have you had any conversation with the Count?

Lucy. No—There has been no opportunity yet to-day—I am really afraid his pride is quite as absurd as that of my good Mamma!

Lydia. And your affection begins to cool.

Lucy. Um—I—I can't say that—Heigho!—He has his faults.

Lydia. [*Ardently*] I hope he has his virtues too!

Lucy. So do I—But how to cure those faults?

Lydia. If incurable, 'twould break my heart!

Lucy. Your ardor surprises me!—But, hush!

Enter COUNT.

Count. [*Bowing*] I was afraid, Madam, love
2 would

would not have found so much as a moment to speak its anxieties—Nay even now—[*Looking haughtily toward Lydia.*]

Lydia. [*Pointedly, and almost in tears*] Sir, I—I am sensible of my own unworthiness. [*Exit.*]

Lucy. That lady, Sir, is my friend.

Count. Madam !

Lucy. Why are you surprised ?

Count. Madam !—No—no, not surprised—There is a maxim, indeed, which says—Friendship can only subsist between equals.

Lucy. But where is the inferiority ?

Count. Madam !

Lucy. You are above the poor, the pitiful idea, that wealth confers any claims ?

Count. Perhaps it does not, Madam. But beauty, understanding, wit, in short, mind, confers ten thousand ! And in these I never beheld your peer !

Lucy. Very prettily spoken, indeed ! And I am almost persuaded that you love me very dearly.

Count. Madam, I adore you !

Lucy. Yes, you are continually thinking of my good qualities.

Count. Eternally, Madam ! I think of nothing else !

Lucy. True—You never remember your own !

Count. Were I totally insensible of my own, Madam, I should be unworthy of you.

Lucy. You admire me even in my representatives, my relations and friends ! Affable to all, good-humoured to all, attentive to all, your politeness, ease, and urbanity extend to every person

person for whom you think my heart is any way interested ! Your passions are all subservient to love !

Count. Yes, Madam ; subservient is the very word ! They are all subservient to love !

Lucy. You never recollect the dignity of your descent, nor accuse mine of meanness ! You have too much understanding to plume your thoughts with turgid arrogance ; or to presume on the imaginary merit of an accident, which none but ignorance, prejudice, and folly, are so besotted as to attribute to themselves !

Count. Mankind have agreed, Madam, to honour the descendants of the wise and the brave.

Lucy. They have so—But you have too much native merit to arrogate to yourself the worth of others ! You are no jay, decked in the peacock's feathers ! You are not idiot enough to imagine that a skin of parchment, on which is emblazoned the arms and acts of one wise man, with a long list of succeeding fools, is any honour to you ! Responsible to mankind for the use or the abuse of such talents as you feel yourself endowed with, you think only of how you may deserve greatly ; and disdain to be that secondary thing, that insignificant cypher, which is worthless except from situation !

Count. The feelings of injured honour, Madam, perhaps may be too irritable. They shrink from insult, and spurn at contamination ! Yet honour is the source of a thousand virtues ! The parent of ten thousand glorious deeds ! Honour is generous, sincere, and magnanimous ! The protector of innocence, the assertor of right, the
avenger

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avenger of wrong ! Yes ! Honour is the patron of arts, the promoter of science, the bulwark of government, the defender of kings, and the favour of nations !—Indulge me then in cherishing a sentiment so noble !

Lucy. Indulge ?—Applaud, you mean ! Honour with you never degenerates into ostentation ! Is never presumptuous ! Is no boaster ! Is eager to earn, but scorns to extort pre-eminence ! Your honour is not that abject inflated phantom which usurps contested claims, exacts submission which it does not merit, offends, irritates, and incites disgust, nay tarnishes even virtue itself ! You do not, under the word Honour, seek a miserable cobweb covering for exorbitant pride !

Count. Madam, accusation so pointed, so—

Lucy. Nay, now ! Have not I been reading your panegyric ?

Enter a FOOTMAN.

Foot. My lady desires you will come to her immediately, Madam.

Lucy. Very well [*Exit Footman*].—I am a thoughtless, flighty girl ! What I say can have but little meaning—Else, indeed, I would have ventured to have given you a word of advice—But—'Tis no matter.

Count. Madam, you have stung me to the soul ! If I am indeed what you describe, 'twere time I should reform.

Lucy. I must be gone.—I have, I own, been wildly picturing something to myself, which I greatly fear I could not love ! [*Exit.*

Count. And is it my likeness ?—Surely it cannot

cannot be!—Could not love?—Excruciating thought!

[Exit after Lucy.]

Enter EDMUND, in haste, and LYDIA from an inner chamber, meeting.

Edm. Where is the Count?

Lydia. This moment gone—

Edm. [Eagerly] Which way?

Lydia. Through that door.

Edm. [Running, stops at the door] Ah! 'Tis too late! The footman is telling him.

Lydia. Why are you so much alarmed?

Edm. The clouds are collected, and the storm is coming!

Lydia. What do you mean?

Edm. Lady Peckham has watched her opportunity: Sir Paul has dropt asleep in his arm-chair; she has ordered your sister to her apartment, and has sent to the Count to come and speak with her; that is, to come and be insulted, here in the drawing-room.

Lydia. What can be done?

Edm. I know not—I dread her intolerable tongue.

Lydia. Perhaps were you to retire, and, when they grow warm, to interrupt them at the proper moment, the presence of a third person might be some restraint on the workings of pride; of the violent ebullitions of which I am in great apprehension.

Edm. Had I but met the Count before he had received the message!—

Lydia. Here comes Lady Peckham. Begone!

[Exit Edmund.]

H

Enter

50 THE SCHOOL FOR ARROGANCE :

Enter Lady PECKHAM, followed by a Footman.

Foot. I have delivered your ladyship's message, and the Count is coming.

Lady P. [*Swelling*] Wery vell!—Go you about your business, feller—[*Exit Footman.*] Your company is not wanted, miss.

[*Exit Lydia after Edmund.*]

Enter COUNT, bowing.

Lady P. So, Sir! They tells me, Sir, that you and my foolish husband are colloquing together, for to marry my daughter! Is this troo, Sir?

Count. [*With his usual polite haughtiness*] If it were, Madam?

Lady P. Do you know who Miss Loocy Peckham is, Sir?

Count. Not very well, Madam.

Lady P. Sir!

Count. Except that she is—your daughter.

Lady P. And do you know who I am, Sir?

Count. I have been told, Madam—

Lady P. Told, Sir! Told! What have you been told? What have you been told, Sir?

Count. That your ladyship was an honest wax-chandler's daughter.

Lady P. Yes, Sir! The debbidy of his vard, Sir! A common councilman, and city sword-bearer! Had an aldermand's gownd von year, was chosen sheriff the next, and died a lord mayor elect!

Count. With all his honours blooming on "his brow."

Lady P. And do you know, Sir, that I designs Sir Sampoel Sheepy, Sir, an English knight
and

and barrowknight, for the spouse of my daughter? A gentleman that is a gentleman! A person of honour and purtenfions, and not a papish Jesubite!

Count. Of his honours and pretensions I am yet to be informed, Madam.

Lady P. What, Sir! Do you mean for to say, Sir, or to infinivate, Sir, that Sir Samooel Sheepy is not your betters?

Count. If Sir Samuel himself, Madam, had put such a question to me, I would have replied with my sword; or, more properly, with my cane.

Lady P. Cane! Wery vell, Sir! I'll let Sir Samooel know that you threatens to cane him! I'll take care to report you! Cane quotha! He shall talk to you!

Count. Let him, Madam!

Lady P. Madam! Madam! At every word—Pray, Sir, do you know that Sir Paul Peckham has had the honour to be knighted by the King's own hand?

Count. I have heard as much, Madam.

Lady P. Madam, indeed!—And for you for to think for to look up to my daughter!

Count. Up, Madam!

Lady P. Yes, Sir—Up, Sir!—Pray, Sir, what are your purtenfions?

Count. [*With great agitation*] Madam!

Lady P. Who are you, Sir? Where do you come from? Who knows you? What parish do you belong to?

Count. Madam, I am of a family known to history, known to Europe, known to the whole universe!

Lady P. Ah! I believes you are better known nur trusted!

Count. The names of Connolly and Villars, Madam, never before were so degraded as they have been in my person.

Lady P. Oh! I makes no doubt but you are a purson that vould degurade any name!

Count. Insult like what I have received from you, Madam, no *man* that breathes should utter, and escape death—But you are—

Lady P. Vhat, Sir? Vhat am I, Sir? Vhat am I, Sir?

Count. A woman.

Lady P. A voman, indeed! Sir, I vould have you to know, Sir, as how I am a lady! A lady, Sir, of his Majesty's own making! And moreover, Sir, don't you go for to flatter yourself that I shall bestow the hand and fortin of Miss Loocy Peckham upon any needy outlandish Count Somebody-nobody! My daughter, Sir, is for your betters!

Count. Madam, though scurril—[*Recollecting himself*] I say, Madam, though such vul—such accusations are beneath all answer, yet I must tell you that, by marrying your daughter, if after this I should sink myself so low—I say by marrying your daughter, Madam, I should confer an honour on your family, as much superior to its expectations, as the splendour of the glorious sun is to the twinkling of the worthless glow-worm.

Lady P. Vhat!—Vhat!—[*Enter EDMUND*] Marry come up! An Irish French foriner! Not so good as von of our parish *porpers*! And you! You purtend to compare yourself to the united houses

houses of the Peckhams and the Pringles ! Your family indeed ! Youn ! Where's your settlement ? Youn ! Vusn't my great uncle, Mr. Peter Pringle, the cheefemonger of Cateaton-street, a major in the Train-Bands before you vus born, or thought of ?

Edm. [*Afide*] So, so ! I'm too late ! [*Aloud*] Let me entreat your Ladyship—

Lady P. What ! Hasn't I an ownd sifter at this day married to Mr. Poladore Spraggles, the tip-toppest hot-preffer in all Crutched Friars ! Isn't my maiden aunt, Miss Angelica Pringle, vorth thirty thousand pounds, in the South Sea funds, every day she rises ! And doesn't I myself go to bed, and get up, the greatest lady in this here city ? And for to putend for to talk to me of his family ! Hisn !

Edm. [*Very warmly*] I must tell you, my Lady, you strangely forget yourself, and expose your family to ridicule.

Lady P. You must tell me, Sir ! Why, Sir, how dare you have the temeracity for to come for to go for to dare for to tell me ! Here's fine doings ! Henpecked by my own chicken !

Edm. The Count, Madam, is a man of the first distinction, in his native country !

Lady P. What country is that, Sir ? Who ever heard of any country but England ? A Count among beggars ! How much is his Countship vorth ?

Count. I had determined to be silent, Madam, but I find it is impossible ! [*With vehement volubility*] And, I must inform you, my family is as ancient, as exalted, and as renowned, as you have proved yours to be—what I shall not repeat !

repeat! That I am the heir to more rich acres than I believe your Ladyship ever rode over! That my father's vassals are more numerous than your Ladyship's vaunted guineas! That the magnificence in which he has lived looked with contempt on the petty paltry strainings of a trader's pride!—And that in his hall are daily fed—*[Stops short, and betrays a consciousness of inadvertent falsehood, but suddenly continues with increasing vehemence]* Yes, Madam, are daily fed, now, at this moment, Madam, more faithful adherents, with their menials and followers, than all your boasted wealth could for a single year supply!

Edm. Are? At this moment, say you, Count?

Count. Sir—I—I have said.

Edm. I know you to be a man of honour, and that you cannot say what is not.

Count. I—I—I have said, Sir. *[Walking with great perturbation.]*

Lady P. You have said more in a minute than you can prove in a year!

Edm. *[Warmly]* Madam, I will pledge my life for the Count's veracity.

Lady P. You pledge! What do you know about the matter? I'll pledge that he has been telling a pack of the most monstrous—

Edm. Forbear, Madam! Such insult is too gross to be endured, almost, from an angry woman! Dear Count—

Lady P. Voman again! Wery fine! Wery pretty! Voman quotha! To be called a voman by my own witals!

Count. *[Aside]* What have I done!—*[With agony]* A lie!

Lady P. As for you, Sir, I doesn't believe

von vord you say! I knows the tricks of such sham shevaleers as you too vell!

Count. [*Walking away from her*] Torture!

Lady P. But I'll take care to have you prognosticated.

Count. [*Aside*] Damnation!

Lady P. I'll have you karakatoored in your troo colours! I'll have you painted in your father's hall; you and your vooden shoe shrug and snuffle scare-crows; "your half dozen lank
" and lean shotten herring shadows; vith the
" light shining through 'em, like parchment at a
" vorkshop vinder; grinning hunger over a dish of
" soup-meegur, vith a second course of frogs;
" and a plate of hedge-berries and crab apples
" for the dessert!" I'll depicter you! I'll not forget your waffals!

Count. [*Aside*] I can support it no longer.
[*Going.*]

Edm. [*Catches him by the hand*] My dear Count—

Count. Sir!—I am a dishonoured villain!
[*Exit.*]

Lady P. There! There! He tells you himself he is a willin! His conscience flies in his face, and he owns it!

Edm. [*With great ardour and feeling*] Madam! He is a noble-hearted gentleman! His agonizing mind deems it villainy to suffer insult so gross.—Sorry am I, Madam, to be obliged to tell you that, humble though your family is, the disgrace with which you have loaded it is indelible! With anguish of heart you force me to repeat, I blush while I listen to you! [*Exit.*]

Lady P. Vhy who ever heard the like of this

56 THE SCHOOL FOR ARROGANCE:

this here now? Here's a prodigal son! Here's a regenerate reprobate! Here's a graceless Gogmagog! To purtend as how he's ashamed of me! Me! A purson of my carriage, connections, and breeding! I! Whose wery entrance, of a ball night, puts Haberdasher's-hall all in a combustion!

Re-enter the COUNT, deep in thought, and much agitated.

Lady P. [*Seeing him*] Marry my daughter, indeed!—Faugh! [*Exit Lady Peckham.*]

Count. Into what has my impetuous anger hurried me?—Guilty of falsehood!—I?—To recede is impossible!—What! Stand detected before this city madam! Whose tongue, itching with the very scrophula of pride, would iterate liar in my ear! No! Falsehood itself is not so foul!—Mac Dermot!

Enter MAC DERMOT.

Mac D. My Lord!

Count. Mac Dermot—I—You—You have heard of the state which formerly my father held; of his household grandeur, of the hinds and servants whom he daily fed, and the train by which he was attended!

Mac D. To be sure I have, my Lord.—Here, your dukes and your peers know nothing at all of style! Abroad, some hundreds starve, that one may ate! But, in England, they have learned the trick of aich man ating for himsilf!

Count. Psha! Listen—The—The misfortunes that since have befallen us are little known in this country.

Mac

Mac D. To be sure they are not, my Lord.

Count. Nor—N—Hem!—Nor would I have them—D—D—D—a—Hem!—Do you understand me, Mac Dermot?

Mac D. My Lord!

Count. I—I—I would not be exposed to the insolent taunts of upstart wealth.

Mac D. Faith then, my Lord, you must not live in this city.

Count. Nay, but—attend to me—I—I would—I would have them think—

Mac D. [*After waiting*] What, my Lord?

Count. [*Traversing the stage, striking his forehead, and then returning*] Mac Dermot—there are situations—I say, it may sometimes be wise, at least prudent—and—and—excusable—Have not you remarked, Mac Dermot, that Lydia—
[*Short pause.*]

Mac D. Oh! To be sure I have remarked, my Lord, that she is a sweet crater; that Miss Liddy!

Count. Nay, but—Her influence in the family—

Mac D. Oh yes, my Lord.

Count. Now—if—if—Suppose you were—to take—an opportunity—Is she proud?

Mac D. Mild as mother's milk, my Lord!

Count. If she were persuaded—I say—Our family misfortunes—That is—No—No—The family magnificence—Do you comprehend me?

Mac D. My Lord!

Count. Psha!—Damnation! [*Exit.*

Mac D. [*Stands some time amazed*] Why, now, am I Mac Dermot, or am I not?—The Divle!—He would have me take an opportunity

58 THE SCHOOL FOR ARROGANCE :

nity with Miss Liddy !—Faith and I would very willingly do that—And persuade her—Oh ! Honey, but she is not so easy to be persuaded !
 [Pauses] To be sure he must mane something ! [Pauses again] Oh ! *Hona mon dioul !*
 But I have it !—Ahoo ! What a thickskull have I been, all this while !—He is a little bit ashamed to be thought poor, among this tribe of Balifarnians, who have nothing but their dirty guineas to boast of—And so he would have me persuade—Oh ho !—Let me alone. There she goes ! I will be after—Bo ! Frustration ! There is that Mr. Edmund, now, close at her heels !—The young royster is always getting the sweet crater up in a corner !—Take an opportunity ? Sarra the opportunity there is for me to take !

[Exit,

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T

A C T IV.

SCENE, *The Count's Apartment.*MR. DORIMONT *and* MAC DERMOT.

MR. DORIMONT.

PRAY, Sir, is the Count within?*Mac D.* The Count, Sir! And pray why may you ask?*Mr. Dor.* I want to speak with him, Sir.*Mac D.* Spake! Oh! The Count is not so easy to be spoken with. Please to deliver your message to me.*Mr. Dor.* Inform him I am come for an answer to my letter.*Mac D.* [*Alarmed*] Letter, Sir!—What! The letter brought by a shabby footman?*Mr. Dor.* Ay, ay—Has he read it?*Mac D.* Read it! Faith, and it has been very well read! But pray, Sir, now, are you the writer?*Mr. Dor.* I am.*Mac D.* [*With dread*] Then take my advice! Make your escape!—'Tis very well for you my master is not at home!*Mr. Dor.* [*Smiling*] Why so?*Mac D.* Why so? Man alive! Have you a mind to be murdered?*Mr. Dor.* Fear nothing. [*Knocking heard.*

I 2

Mac D.

Mac D. [*With increasing terror*] By the holy phial but there he is !—Why, will you begone now ?

Mr. Dor. No—I will not.

Mac D. Marcy upon my soul !—For the Lord's sake, Sir !—Why, Sir, I tell you he'll have your blood ! And won't you begone now ?

Mr. Dor. No, Sir.

Mac D. Lord Jafus ! What will I do ? If he comes into this room, here will be murder !

Mr. Dor. Go—Tell him I am waiting for him.

Mac D. Me tell him !—I warn you to begone ! Remimber, I wash my hands of your blood.—Make off !—Make off, I tell you, while I go and keep him to his own apartment ! [*Exit.*]

Mr. Dor. [*To a footman crossing*] Hark you, young man ! Tell the Count, your master, that the stranger, who wrote the anonymous letter to him, is here, waiting for an answer.

Foot. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Mr. Dor. The fears of the servant strongly speak the anger of the master.—But that was what I partly feared, and partly wished.

Count. [*Enraged without.*] Where is the rash, the audacious, [*Enter COUNT*] the insolent wretch, who—[*Aside*] My father !

Mr. Dor. I scarcely could have expected so kind a welcome, Sir ! 'Tis exemplary !

Count. Passion, Sir, is sometimes guilty of improprieties—Pray pardon me !

[*Enter MAC DERMOT, behind, in trepidation.*]

Count. I imagined—[*Seeing Mac Dermot*] How now, Sir ! Begone !

Mr. Dor. Why so ? Let him stay !

Count. Begone, or !—

Mr. Dor. Stay, I say !

Count. And do you hear—I am not at home.

Mac D. [*Aside, and going*] Oh Lord ! Oh Lord ! Here will be murder ! [*Exit.*]

Mr. Dor. What should that mean, Sir ?

Count. Sir !—There are reasons—I ought not to expose my father's safety.

Mr. Dor. Rather own, you ought not to blush at your father's poverty ! Is this my reception ? This the warm welcome of a duteous son ?

Count. 'Tis so sudden—Yet my heart feels an affection—

Mr. Dor. Which is stifled by your vanity ! Your father is contemned, because he is unfortunate !

Count. No, Sir. I do not merit a reproach so cruel. Contemn my father ! You know me not.—Tell me, which way can I prove my respect and love ?

Mr. Dor. By openly acknowledging me : not by concealment ; not by disavowing me in the day of my distress !

Count. Think, Sir, of your own safety !

Mr. Dor. What danger is there with people of honour ? Present me to the family of Sir Paul.

Count. Impossible, Sir !

Mr. Dor. [*Sternly*] Impossible !

Count. Let me conjure you not to be too precipitate. You know not the vulgar pomp of new-made gentry ; whose suffocating pride treats indigent merit, nay, birth itself, with the most imperious disdain !

Mr. Dor. Talk not of their pride, but of
your

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your own ! You complain of others haughtiness ? You ! In whom the vice is so intolerable, that you willingly would disown your father !

Count. Sir, you wrong me.

Mr. Dor. But, determined to be known for what I am, since you refuse, I'll introduce myself.

Count. For heaven's sake, Sir ! I entreat ! I supplicate ! On my knees, I conjure you to forbear !

Mr. Dor. Yes ; pride, kneeling, conjures a father in poverty to suffer himself to be disclaimed ! Your mother's pride was my house's downfall : this she has bequeathed to you !

Count. Sir—[*Starts up at hearing*]

Sir Paul. [*Without*] I tell you, I know he is at home !

Mac D. [*Without*] Upon my soul, Sir Paul—

Sir Paul. Zounds ! Why I saw him from my own window !

Count. [*Alarmed*] Here is Sir Paul ! You know not, Sir, how much is at stake ! I have not time to tell you now ; but let my intreaties—!

Mr. Dor. Oh ! How humble are the proud ! But remember, I consent only on condition that you restrain your arrogance. If, while I am present, any symptom—[*Retiring back.*]

Enter SIR PAUL.

Sir Paul. 'Sblood ! I knew you were at home ! But to instruct servants how to lie, with the most cool, composed, and barefaced impudence, is one branch of modern education.

Count. I am sorry, Sir Paul.

Sir Paul.

Sir Paul. Pshaw! Damn apologies. I have good news for you.

Count. Sir!

Sir Paul. I do believe, (God forgive me!) that my wife is growing reasonable!

Count. Does she consent?

Sir Paul. Yes—To permit you to ask her pardon.

Count. Sir! Ask pardon?

Mr. Dor. [*Advancing*] Yes, Sir; ask pardon.

Sir Paul. Hem!—[*Aside*] Zounds! Again!—Why, what the plague can he do here?

Mr. Dor. Your servant, Sir.

Sir Paul. Sir, your very humble.

Count. [*Aside, and alarmed*] What can this mean?

Mr. Dor. You seem surpris'd, Sir.

Sir Paul. Yes! You have a trick of taking people by surpris'e.

Count. [*Aside*] Does he know him?

Sir Paul. [*Aside, and then to the Count*] Odd enough!—Who is this queer old fellow?

Count. [*Aside*] All is safe!—[*Aloud*] Sir, the—the—gentleman [*Aside*] What shall I say? [*To Sir Paul*] A gentleman, Sir, who—

Sir Paul. A gentleman!

Count. Yes—That is—

Sir Paul. What, some poor relation, I suppose?

Count. Yes, Sir—A relation—The—the family estates have been under his management.

Sir Paul. Oh! Your steward?

Count.

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Count. No—Not absolutely my—my steward—

Sir Paul. What, your land-bailiff, then ?

Count. No, Sir—No—That is—

Sir Paul. Does not seem to have made his fortune by his office ! A little weather-beaten.

Count. He is a man of the strictest probity, Sir.

Sir Paul. Nay, his appearance is the pledge of his honesty !

Mr. Dor. [*Aside*] I can perceive he is practising deceit ! Oh vanity ! But I will restrain my anger. The moment of open punishment is not yet come.

Count. [*Crossing to his father*] Let me request you, Sir, not to reveal yourself.

Mr. Dor. [*Driily*] Well, Sir.

Count. [*Returning to Sir Paul*] His œconomy and good management are equal to his fidelity.

Sir Paul. [*Aside*] Confounded odd all this, though ! [*Aloud*] Well, Count, I have exerted my whole authority with Lady Peckham ; and her son Edmund, who has more influence over her than any body else, is your friend. So be wary, do your duty, and the day is your own.

Count. My duty, Sir !

Mr. Dor. Yes, Sir. Your duty, Sir.

Sir Paul. [*Aside*] A damned strange fellow ! [*Aloud*] Is it not your duty, Count, to serve yourself ?

Mr. Dor. And would you contend about a word ?

Sir Paul. Very true, Sir !—You seem a—a plain spoken—a—Hem !

Mr. Dor.

Mr. Dor. [*Significantly*] Yes! I think it *my* duty to tell vice, and folly, the truth.

Sir Paul. Hem!—You hear, Count?

Mr. Dor. His punctilious pride is contemptible!

Count. [*Half forgetting himself*] Sir!

Mr. Dor. And Sir!—I repeat: do your duty, Sir.

Sir Paul. [*Aside*] The most unaccountable! Hem!—

Count. [*Aside*] I am on the rack! He will betray himself.

Sir Paul. [*To the Count*] The old gentleman does not mince matters!

Count. [*Aside to his Father*] You will ruin me.

Mr. Dor. Do as he requires, or I will feign no longer.

Sir Paul. Lady Peckham is expecting you. Come, come; try whether you cannot put on a winning submissive air.

Count. [*Aside*] I shall burst!

Mr. Dor. Submissive, Sir!—Remember!

Count. I shall not forget, Sir!

Sir Paul. You approve my advice, don't you, Sir?

Mr. Dor. Entirely. The lesson you give him, Sir, is a useful and a necessary one. I know him!

Count. [*Aside*] Fiends!

Sir Paul. What, Sir—You—have lived long in the family?

Mr. Dor. Sir!

Sir Paul. Nay, don't be affronted!

K

Count.

66 THE SCHOOL FOR ARROGANCE :

Count. [*To Sir Paul*] Let us begone, Sir !
I am ready to attend you.

Sir Paul. [*Aside*] The bluntest, drollest—!

Count. We are losing time, Sir.

Sir Paul. Well, well ; in a moment. [*To Mr. Dorimont*] Pray, under favour, what may be the amount of the Count's rent roll ?

Mr. Dor. Sir ! His rent roll, Sir ?

Sir Paul. Ay, his rent roll—The nett produce of his estates ?

Mr. Dor. Why that question to me, Sir ?

Count. [*Coming between them*] For heaven's sake, Sir Paul, let us go.

Sir Paul. 'Sblood ! What a violent hurry you're in all of a sudden !

Count. [*Endeavouring to force him away*] Lady Peckham is waiting, Sir. I beg, I entreat—

Sir Paul. [*Aside*] The mystery thickens !

Mr. Dor. Pray, Sir, has the Count—

Count. [*Interrupting*] For the love of mercy, Sir, answer no questions ; hear none, ask none ! I am frantic !

Mr. Dor. [*To the Count*] Silence, Sir ! [*To Sir Paul*] Has the Count ever talked of his estates ?

Sir Paul. Oh yes.

Count. [*Aside*] Damnation !

Mr. Dor. And told you the amount ?

Sir Paul. No—no—But, as you—

Count. I must insist, Sir, on going. [*To Sir Paul.*]

Mr. Dor. I'm not prepared, Sir, just now to answer your question, of the rent roll. I have business, and must leave you ; but I will
shortly

Shortly give you the information you require. In the mean time, young gentleman, think on what has passed! Observe Sir Paul's advice, and act as becomes you. Put off your vanity—Be humble, and know yourself. *[Exit.]*

Count. *[Aside fervently]* Thank heaven he is gone!

Sir Paul. Your steward is an odd one!

Count. Sir—I—I tell you he is not my steward.

Sir Paul. No!

Count. No, Sir.

Sir Paul. What is he then?

Count. Sir—I—

Sir Paul. I thought you taught every body to keep their distance; but he treats you with as little ceremony as—*[Aside]* as he did me.

“Count. Yes, Sir; people do take very unaccountable liberties.

“Sir Paul. But what brought him here?

“Count. Sir—He—Business, Sir.

“Sir Paul. Oh, the family estates.

“Count. And pray, Sir, what do you know of him?

“Sir Paul. I—Nothing.

“Count. You appear to be acquainted.

“Sir Paul. Um—No, no.

“Count. You had seen him before.

“Sir Paul. Hem! Yes, I had seen him. Come, let us be going.

“Count. But permit me to ask.

“Sir Paul. Pshaw!” Come, come—Lady Peckham is waiting.

Count. I must own, Sir Paul, I meet with many mortifications. Your daughter is an angel. But “there are certain things to which a man

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“ of my rank must not, cannot stoop. Do you,
 “ Sir Paul, come to an agreement with your
 “ lady, and I am ready.—[*Calls*] Mac Der-
 “ mot!—I’ll return in a moment. [*Retires.*]

“ Sir *Paul*. Now, if the demon of ambition
 “ did not possess me, I should never truckle to
 “ the self-sufficient airs of this man of rank!
 “ He has put a spell upon me!—I’ll break with
 “ him this moment—Yet, if I do that, all is
 “ over. My authority is gone! Madam will
 “ be triumphant; and then farewell to submis-
 “ sion!—Beside, the honour of the alliance!
 “ Nobility! Precedence! A family so famous!
 “ ’Sblood! Who knows but my grandson may
 “ be a Marshal of France? [*To the Count, who*
 “ *returns*] Come, come, Count; let us begone.
 “ You must make your peace with my Ma-
 “ dam.”

Count. Solicitation, Sir Paul, does not be-
 come me; it is a thing I have not been accus-
 tomed to. Do you speak for me. Say all, say
 every thing you please. Your mediation will,
 I presume, be sufficient.

Sir *Paul*. [*Quite angry*] Damn me if this is
 not beyond all human patience! After all I
 have done in your behalf! What! Would you
 have me and my whole family approach your
 footstool, there present my daughter, and kneel-
 ing beg your highness to accept her? No, my
 haughty Count! Either my daughter is worth
 asking for, or not worth having. Carry your
 pomp to a better market; I’ll stoop to it no
 longer. Your servant, Sir! [*Exit.*]

Count. [*Following*] Nay, Sir Paul—Must I
 endure this? Must I?—I! The descendant of an
 ancient

ancient race! The rightful lord of athousand vassals! "Ought I to cringe in supplicatory
 "baseness, use servile dishonourable adulation,
 "bend to sufflated wealth, act the parasite to
 "new-fledged pride, and petition where I
 "should command? No! Earth should hide
 "me rather! But that love, imperious love
 "hurries me forward, with impulse irresistible!"
 What! Wait, and fawn on Madam, and mince,
 and simper, and act the skipjack, and chatter to
 her parrot, and be of her opinion, and fetch
 and carry, and praise her taste, and join her
 scandal, and laugh when she laughs, and kiss
 her monkey!—And to whom?—Oh! [*Exit*,

SCENE *changes to the House of* SIR PAUL
 PECKHAM.

MAC DERMOT, and LYDIA.

Mac D. Oh, yes! Stabling for a hundred
 horses! Open house all the year about! Sar-
 vants five and twinty to the score; all making
 work for one another!

Lydia. Then the Count, your master, should
 be immensely rich.

Mac D. Should be? To be sure he is.
 Don't I tell you—

Lydia. Yes; you tell me one thing at night,
 and another in the morning—You had forgotten
 the Colonel's pay!—And the secret supplies!

Mac D. [*Aside*] Faith, and so I had!

Lydia. And pray was this all your own in-
 vention?

Mac D. Why, as to that—And is it me,
 now, that you would have to betray my master?

Lydia.

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Lydia. What, then, he bid you spread this report?

Mac D. Arrah now, did I say that?—Did I say that?—I tell you he bid me no such thing!—What, and did you think, now, you could get that out of me? By St. Patrick, but I would bite off my tongue, if it should dare to blunder out one word against so good a master!—

Lydia. [*Aside*] Honest, affectionate fellow!

Mac D. [*Aside*] Oh! Blarney!—She wants to be too cunning for me, the sweet crater! And so, for fear of—Miss Liddy, your servant.

[*Exit.*

Lydia. I almost love him myself, for his love to his master.

Enter SIR PAUL, followed by EDMUND.

Sir Paul. I tell you, I have done with him. He is a pompous, insolent coxcomb! The Great Mogul himself is a fool to him!

Edm. All men have their foibles, Sir.

Sir Paul. Damn his foibles. I have enough to do with my own! And, do you hear, Sir? [*Significantly*] Don't let me be troubled with any of your foibles either! You understand me. [*Looking at both*] I'll not be trifled with. [*Exit.*

Lydia. What has put him into so ill a humour?

Edm. The cursed supercilious haughtiness of the Count. He has insulted Sir Samuel Sheepy, too!

“*Lydia.* I am sorry for it; but that's a trifle.

“*Edm.* You are mistaken. Sir Samuel's
“resentment is very high; and, notwithstand-

A COMEDY.

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"ing the fervility of his manner, is more to be
"apprehended than you imagine.

"*Lydia.* Surely you do not expect a challenge?

"*Edm.* Nay, my love, I would not wish to
"terrify you.

"*Lydia.* But you have terrified me!"

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Well, brother, have you succeeded
with my mamma?

Edm. I believe so—I can't tell—Where is
the Count?

Lucy. I hear him on the stairs.

Edm. Well, warn him to be careful.

[Exit with chagrin.]

Lucy. What's the matter?

Lydia. The old story! The Count's pride.
If he should quarrel again with Lady Peckham,
all will then be over!

Lucy. You have put me quite in a tremor!

Enter the COUNT. Bows.

Lucy. *[Going]* I will inform my mamma,
Sir, that you are here; and she will be with
you immediately.

Count. May I not, Madam, be indulged
with one previous word?

Lucy. Yes, Sir; one, and but one. Instead
of conciliating, I find your manners offend and
disgust every one. Either cast away your *bau-
teur*, regain the affections and consent of my
friends, and above all make your peace with
Lady Peckham, or this shall be the last meet-
ing of our lives!

[Exit.]

Lydia. Are you aware, Sir, of your danger?
Sir Samuel, Sir Paul, Lady Peckham, all af-
fronted!

fronted ! Nay your best friend, Edmund, has this moment left the room to avoid you ! Oh ! Think on that lovely lady ! And if you have any affection for her, for yourself, or for your father—recall your reason, discard your folly, and act with a little common sense ! *[Exit.*

Count. This is strange !—My father ?—She know my father ?—And why am I schooled and tutored thus ? “ What have I done ? What is “ it they expect from me ?—Do I indeed offend “ and disgust ?—Which way ? Has not love induced me to overlook all the high distinctions “ which honour holds sacred ? Nay, am I not “ now come on the most abject of errands ?— “ Yet, to lose her—!” The last meeting of our lives !—They will absolutely drive me mad among ’em !

Enter LADY PECKHAM.

Count. Madam *[Bowing]*—When I last had the honour—of a—an interview with your ladyship, I—I am afraid—I might possibly be inadvertently betrayed into—some warmth.

Lady P. Why, Sir, seeing as how my son tells me you are a real nobleman, and not von of the riraff fortin hunting fellers, if so be as you thinks fit to make proper ’pologies, vhy, Sir, I—I—

Count. To a lady, Madam, every apology may be made. Any concessions therefore—

Lady P. Oh, Sir, as for that there, I wants nothing but vhat is right and downright. And I supposes, Sir, you are wery villin to own that an outlandish foriner must think himself highly honoured,

honoured, by a connexion with an English family of distinction. Because that I am sure you cannot deny. And that it vus a most perump-tery purceedin in you, being as you are but a Frenchman, or of an Irish generation at best, to purtend to the hand and fortin of Miss Loocy Peckham, without my connivance.

Count. Madam !

Lady P. As I tells you, Sir, I am upright and downright. So do you, or do you not ?

Count. Madam—! I am ready to acknowledge that the charms of your daughter's mind, and person, are equal to any rank !

Lady P. Her mind and purson, indeed ! No, Sir ! Her family and fortin !—And I believes, Sir, now you are come to your proper senses, you vill own too that no outlandish lord, vwhatever, can uphold any comparagement with the Peckham family and connexions !

Count. [*With great warmth and rapidity*] Madam, though I am ready to offer every excuse which can reasonably be required, for any former inadvertency ; yet, Madam, no consideration whatever shall lead me—I say, Madam, my own honour, a sense of what is due to my ancestors, myself, and to truth—that is, Madam—No ! The world, racks, shall not force me to rank my family with yours.

Lady P. Vhy, Sir ! Vhat is it that you are talking of ? Rank my family vith yourn, indeed ! Marry come up ! No, to be sure ! I say rank ! I knows wery vell vhat is my doo : and that there, Sir, is the thing that I would have you for to know ! And I insist upon it, Sir, that you shall know it ; and shall own that you

L

knows

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fronted ! Nay your best friend, Edmund, has this moment left the room to avoid you ! Oh ! Think on that lovely lady ! And if you have any affection for her, for yourself, or for your father—recall your reason, discard your folly, and act with a little common sense ! *[Exit.*

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knows

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knows it ; or, Sir, I rewoke every thing I have condescended to specify with my son ! So do you, Sir, or do you not ?

Count. Madam—What, Madam ?

Lady P. Do you depose, that outlandish foriners are all beggars, and slaves ; and that von Englishman is vorth a hundred Frenchmen ?

Count. Madam—Whatever you please.
[*Bows.*]

Lady P. Oh ! Wery vell !—And do you purdict that this here city is the first city in the whole world ?

Count. I—I believe it is, Madam.

Lady P. Oh ! Wery vell !—And that the Moniment, and the Tower, and Lununbridge, are most magnanimous and superfluous buildings ?

Count. Madam—

Lady P. I'll have no circumbendibus ! Are they, or are they not ?

Count. Your ladyship is pleased to say so.
[*Bows.*]

Lady P. To be sure I does ! Because I knows it to be troo ! And that the wretches in forin parts are all fed upon bran ; seeing as how there is no corn ?

Count. As your ladyship thinks ! [*Bows.*]

Lady P. And that the whole country could not purwide von lord mayor's feast ?

Count. I—Certainly not, Madam : they have few turtle and no aldermen.

Lady P. Ah ! A pretty country, indeed ! No aldermen ! And that it would be the hite of purfump-

presumption, in you, for to go for to set yourself up as my equal? Do you own that?

Count. [*Passionately*] No, Madam!

Lady P. Sir!

Count. No force, no temptation shall induce me so to dishonour my great progenitors!

Lady P. Why, Sir!

Count. My swelling heart can hold no longer! Honour revolts at such baseness! Patience itself cannot brook a fallacy so glaring! No! Though destruction were to swallow me, I would assert my house's rights, and its superior claims!

Lady P. Wery vell, Sir! Wastly vell, Sir! And I would have you for to know, Sir, while my name is my Lady Peckham, I will dissent my houses rights, and claims! That I despises all—! Ha, ha!—Ha! Wery fine, indeed! Am I to be sent here to be hectored, and huffed, and bluffed, and bullied, and bounced, and blustered, and brow-beat, and scoffed, and scouted, and—! Ha!

Count. [*Recovering his temper and interceding*] Madam—

Lady P. I a brought my hogs to a fine market! But I'll let 'em know who's at home!

Count. My warmth, Madam—

Lady P. Your honour and glory, indeed! And for to putend for to send for me here, to palaver me over as I supposed—

Count. I am ready to own, Madam—

Lady P. But I'll rid the house of you! I'll take good care you shall have no daughter of mine! You may post off to your father's hall, and there starve in state. Varm it with a blaze of dried leaves, and stop up the gaps in the

shattered vinders, and old groaning doors, with clay; then send your shivering wassals, that stand jabbering behind your von armed vooden chair, to skin the sheep that died of hunger and the rot, to make you a varm vinter furtout!

Count. [*Still interceding*] Madam—

Lady P. My daughter, indeed! I'll karakatoor you! [*Exit.*]

Count. Flames and fury! [*Following, is met by Sir Samuel Sheepy, who shuts the door after him, and will not suffer the Count to pass.*] How now, Sir!

Sir Sam. [*Bowing*] Sir, your humble servant.

Count. What does this mean, Sir? Let me pass!

Sir Sam. A word or two first, if you please, Sir.

Count. Let me pass! [*Putting his hand to his sword.*]

Sir Sam. [*Bowing, but resolutely guarding the door*] Sir I must humbly entreat—

Count. Damnation!—What is it you want with me, Sir? Who are you, Sir?

Sir Sam. My name is Sheepy, Sir. [*Bowing.*]

Count. Sheepy? [*Aside*] So, so, so! Hell and the devil! At such a moment as this!

Sir Sam. I am told, Sir, I have some obligations to you, which it becomes me to discharge.

Count. Well, Sir.

Sir Sam. Not quite so well, Sir, as I could wish. [*Bowing.*]

Count. [*Aside*] Was ever man so tormented?
Sir

Sir Sam. I am informed, Sir, that you have condescended to mention me, in my absence.

Count. And so, Sir?

Sir Sam. You did me an honour, Sir. [*Bowing.*]

Count. Either speak your business, and suffer me to pass, or I will nail you to the door!

Sir Sam. Dear Sir, you are so warm! [*Bowing.*—I have been told you were so good as to threaten to cane me.

Count. Ay, Sir? By whom!

Sir Sam. By Lady Peckham, Sir.

Count. Indeed!—Well; suppose it.

Sir Sam. 'Twas kind of you!—Unluckily, I have not been much used to threatening messages, and am really afraid I shall not be very prompt at submission.

Count. Oh, do not doubt yourself, Sir.

Sir Sam. Humble though I am, I do not find that a swaggering look—[*Bowing.*]

Count. Sir! [*With his hand to his sword.*]

Sir Sam. Moderate your anger, kind Sir—I have a petition to you. [*Putting on his white gloves.*]

Count. Damn your sneer, Sir! Speak!

Sir Sam. Bless me, Sir! You are so warm! It is only that you would kindly do me the favour either to cut my throat, or suffer me to cut yours. [*Draws and flourishes.*]

Count. [*With his hand to his sword*] Are you mad, Sir? Do you recollect where you are? In whose house?

Sir Sam. Gadso! True, Sir! I should be sorry to be interrupted—Luckily, my carriage is at the door; and I know a snug room in a neigh-

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neighbouring tavern, where this business may be effectually settled, as quietly, as coolly, and as privately as possible.

Count. 'Twere well for you, Sir, had you chosen another opportunity—But come !

Sir Sam. Oh ! Sir ! I know my place—After you ! [*Bows.*]

Count. Away, Sir ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to the Count's Apartment.*

A considerable noise of hasty footsteps without, and voices at some distance calling—“ Here ! Here ! —This way !—Up, up !—Follow !”

Enter Mr. DORIMONT, abruptly.

Mr. Dor. I am pursued, beset, and cannot escape !

Enter MAC DERMOT.

Mac D. Blood and thunder ! Why what's all this ? Oh ! And is it you, Sir ?

Mr. Dor. Where is the Count ?

Mac D. Faith and that is more than I can tell. [*Noise approaching—“ Here, here, I tell “ you ! This room !”*] Why what the divle—!

Mr. Dor. I am hunted ! My liberty, perhaps my life, is in danger !

Mac D. Why sure the Count would not—

Mr. Dor. Here ! Take, hide this packet from the eyes of my pursuers ! Don't lose it ; but, if you have any sense of worth and honesty, deliver it safe into the hands of Sir Paul Peckham !

Mac D.

Mac D. Niver fear me, honey.

Enter an EXEMPT, and two BAILIFFS.

Exempt. That's the man. Seize him!

First Bail. Sir, you are our prisoner.

Mr. Dor. On what authority, Sir?

First Bail. Authority, Sir? The authority of law, Sir.

Mr. Dor. For what crime?

First Bail. As to crime, Sir, I can't tell; but for a trifling debt, of fifty thousand pounds.

Mr. Dor. At whose suit?

Exempt. At mine, Sir.

Mr. Dor. Yours? Vile wretch! Gentlemen, he is a spy: the creature of a foreign Court! I never had dealings with him in my life!

First Bail. We know nothing of that, Sir. He has sworn to the debt.

Exempt. No parleying; take him away.

First Bail. Ay, ay. Come, Sir. [*They all three forcibly drag him out.*]

Mr. Dor. [*Going and without*] Help! Rescue! False Imprisonment!

Mac D. Why what is all this now?—Poor ould gintleman!

[*Noise without at a distance—“Rescue! Rescue! Help!”*]

Mac D. Where is my shillalee?—Oh, by St. Peter and his crook, but I will be one among you, scoundrels! [*Exit running.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE, *The House of SIR PAUL PECKHAM.*

Enter LYDIA agitated, EDMUND following.

EDMUND.

BE pacified : you are too much alarmed.

Lydia. If Sir Paul should have let them pass, what dreadful consequences may have followed ! Where can he be ?

Edm. He is here !

Enter SIR PAUL.

Lydia. Oh, Sir !—Where are they ?—Has any thing happened ?

Sir Paul. Happened !—Damme ! I could not believe my own ears !—A filky Simon !—The Count was in a right humour—'Sblood ! I had a great mind to have let him kill the old fool.

Lydia. Then they have not fought ! Are they safe, Sir ?

Sir Paul. Yes, yes ; they are safe enough—But do you know the amorous swain, his blood being heated, could only be pacified on condition that he might have another interview with Lucy !—I'm glad on't !—I'll go and give her her lesson.

Edm. Oh, Sir, leave him to my sister, she needs no instructions.

Sir Paul. No?—Gad, I believe not! She's my own girl! But clear the coast; he is coming!

Edm. I will go to Lady Peckham; and do you, Lydia, watch for the Count.

Sir Paul. Ay, ay. He is suddenly grown humble; apologized to me, and promised to come and plead with my lady. But away.

[Exeunt Edmund and Lydia, and

Enter SIR SAMUEL SHEEPY.

Well, Sir Samuel, you are here!

Sir Sam. Yes, Sir. *[Aside]* And I half wish I was any where else, already.

Sir Paul. And so you absolutely have the courage to attack my Lucy? Ha, ha, ha! Why you are quite a hero! You fear neither man nor woman!

Sir Sam. *[Aside]* I wish I didn't—

Sir Paul. Nay, but don't begin to look so pitiful! She'll be here in a minute. Don't flinch! Stand to your guns! She'll not easily strike! Ha, ha, ha! Die hard, my old boy!

[Exit.

Sir Sam. What is the matter with me? I declare he has talked me into a tremble! Why should I be so terrified at a harmless woman? I can't help it! A pair of beautiful eyes are flaming swords, which no armour can resist!

Enter Lucy, cheerfully.

Lucy. So, Sir Samuel!

Sir Sam. Bless me!—My heart is in my mouth!

M

Lucy.

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Sir Sam. Bless me!—My heart is in my mouth!

M

Lucy.

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Lucy. You seem taken by surprise.

Sir Sam. Madam—Hem!—No, Madam—Yes, Madam. [*With his usual bows.*]

Lucy. My Papa informed me you were waiting, purposely to disclose this important secret.

Sir Sam. Madam—Hem!—Yes, Madam—

Lucy. Do you know that I have had you in my mind I don't know how often, since I saw you?

Sir Sam. Hem!—Have you, Madam?

Lucy. Yes, I have—'Tis a pity, nay indeed a shame, that so famous an English family as that of the Sheepy's should become extinct.

Sir Sam. Hem!—There is no danger of that, Madam.

Lucy. No!—Why it is too late in life for you to marry, Sir Samuel—

Sir Sam. Hem!—Yes, Madam. No, Madam.

Lucy. Indeed! So you—! Well! I should like to know your choice—Some staid body, I imagine.

Sir Sam. Madam—Hem!—

Lucy. But I would not have her too old, and disagreeable.

Sir Sam. Hem! I can assure you, Madam—She—Hem!—She is a very beautiful young lady.

Lucy. You surprise me!—Oh! Then perhaps she is some low-born girl, who has more pride than understanding, and is willing to sacrifice her youth, and beauty, to the silly vanity of riding in a coach?

Sir Sam. Quite—Hem!—Quite the contrary, Madam.

Lucy. Then she must be poor, and must think
of

of marrying you for the sake of your riches, hoping you will die soon.

Sir Sam. Madam—Hem! She is very rich.

Lucy. Is it possible!

Sir Sam. And I should flatter myself would not expect me to die too soon.

Lucy. Oh! But she will! Young women never marry old men, but with a wish to dance over their graves.

Sir Sam. Hem!

Lucy. Perhaps the poor girl may—may have made a *faux pas*.

Sir Sam. Hem! Her virtue is unspotted, Madam.

Lucy. You amaze me! Young, rich, beautiful, and virtuous! What can her reason be for making choice of you? Why does not she rather marry some youth, whose rare qualities resemble her own?—Oh! I've found the secret at last! She's an idiot.

Sir Sam. Hem! No, Madam—No—Hem!—I am afraid she has too much wit!

Lucy. Nay then, Sir Samuel, you are the most fortunate gentleman I ever heard or read of!—But are you sure she is in love with you?

Sir Sam. Hem! N—Not very, Madam.

Lucy. No!—Oh ho! I have unriddled it at last! You have been bargaining for her with her father, or her mother, or—Ay, ay! The poor young lady's consent has never been asked!—And would you be so selfish as to seek your own single gratification, and be contented to see her condemned to misery, pining to death for the youth she loves, and justly detesting the

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sight of you, as the wicked unfeeling author of her wretchedness?

Sir Sam. Hem! [*Looking toward the door*]
Madam I—Hem!—I wish you a good evening.

Lucy. [*Preventing his going*] Another word, Sir Samuel. Have you ever talked to the young lady on the subject?

Sir Sam. Hem! I—Hem!—I have and—Hem! I have not.

Lucy. You never made a direct proposal?

Sir Sam. Hem! No, Madam.

Lucy. But why?

Sir Sam. I, I—Hem!—I can't very well tell.

Lucy. But I can,—With much folly and depravity, there is still some virtue in you.

Sir Sam. Madam! [*Looking how to escape.*]

Lucy. Though you could form so unjust a project, you never had the courage to insult the lady by an avowal of your guilt.

Sir Sam. Hem! Guilt, Madam!

Lucy. Yes, Sir, guilt—However, Sir, she has perfectly understood your insinuations.

Sir Sam. Madam!

Lucy. She has infinite respect for filial duties. But, though she would beware of offending her parents, I know her to be equally determined never to entail misery on herself; nor to accept a husband whom she could neither esteem, admire, nor love!

Sir Sam. Madam—I—Hem!—Your servant, Madam.

Lucy. [*Between him and the door*] Not till you first promise—

Sir

Sir Sam. [*Forgetting his fear*] I'll promise any thing, Madam.

Lucy. That you will not render yourself more ridiculous, by persevering in so absurd, so unjust a pursuit.

Sir Sam. No, Madam ! I'm quite ridiculous enough already !

Lucy. Nay, more, that you will not seek some less friended, more enslaved, or more timid young creature, whom your misapplied wealth might command.

Sir Sam. Whatever you please, Madam !

Lucy. But that you will rather apply your superfluous hoards to the protection of youthful innocence.

Sir Sam. Suffer me but to depart, Madam, and I will bequeath my estates in perpetuity as you shall direct ; I'll entail them on the Magdalen ; or I'll advertise for marriageable men and maids, and you shall portion out my money among them ! I'll—I'll do any thing, except marry, or go a courting !

Lucy. Why then, Sir Samuel—[*Kissing his hand*] There—That be your reward.

Sir Sam. Madam—Your humble servant.

[*Exit abruptly.*]

Lucy. Ha, ha, ha ! Poor Sir Samuel ! This is the first time he ever forgot his bow. [*Enter the Count.*] Well, Sir ! have you effectually made your peace with my mamma ?

Count. I have done my endeavour, Madam—Would I were at peace with myself !

Lucy. And are you still, Sir, under the dominion of prejudice so weak ? Do you still repent
of

84 THE SCHOOL FOR ARROGANCE:

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Lucy. And are you still, Sir, under the dominion of prejudice so weak? Do you still repent
of

of what you so long have deemed your condescension ?

Count. Far otherwise, Madam. There are beings so peculiarly favoured of heaven, and endowed with such high perfections, both of body and of mind, that they are superior to all the distinctions of men, among whom they walk angels upon earth ! You are one of these ! And my misery is, I never can deserve you !

Lucy. You may have stumbled, but this self-condemnation shews it was but to rise with ten-fold strength. Persevere, and we will be severed only by death.

Enter EDMUND.

Edm. At length, my dear Count, Lady Peckham is pacified. To stoop to her ill-placed pride, to overlook her prejudice, and to petition as you did, was noble in you. I have seconded your efforts, have pledged myself for your honour, and guaranteed your veracity.

Count. Then, Sir, you have struck a dagger to my heart ! I have been guilty of falsehood ! That very pride, and that exalted, or I fear extravagant, sense of honour, which should have preserved me from a stain so hateful, have dashed me down the precipice !

Edm. You amaze me !

Count. 'Tis true, 'twas inadvertent ; but rankling vanity, strengthened by a purer motive, the trembling alarms of love, induced me to persist ; nay, a second time to aid deception.

Lucy. You did wrong—But which of us can say they never erred ?

Edm. Ay ! Who will stand forth and affirm,
that,

that, amid the rude whirl, the confused doubts, or the terrors of passion, they never once have been betrayed into your crime? For a crime I own it is; and with consequences so wide, so pernicious, and so fatal, that, when it shall be extirpated from the earth, that moment man will be perfect! But, in this poor world's present state, it is so far venial, that (painful, humiliating thought!) no—the noblest, the purest of us all, cannot strike his heart, and say—I never was a liar!

“*Lucy.* Frail as we are, and hourly as the
 “ arts of falsehood are practised upon us, to our
 “ detriment, and often to our ruin, those only
 “ are most free from guilt, who shake contagion
 “ soonest from them; and, by the next sublime
 “ effort of truth, scorning to shrink from shame,
 “ which is their due, in some sort turn the vice
 “ itself to virtue.”

Edm. But what have you said that—

Enter SIR PAUL.

Sir Paul. Come, come! We must strike while the iron is hot! We must take my Lady while she is in the humour, since she must necessarily be a party in our deeds. And first I have agreed, as you know, Count, that my daughter's portion shall be 80,000*l.* The remainder will chiefly rest with you. What settlement do you intend to make? And on what estates?

Count. None, Sir.

Sir Paul. None!

Count. I have no estates.

Sir Paul. Sir!—Why, what!—Zounds!—
 After

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After the enquiries I made, I cannot be so deceived ! Are not you Count Connolly Villars ?

Count. I am, Sir.

Sir Paul. A colonel in the armies of the Most Christian King ?

Count. I am, Sir.

Sir Paul. Recommended to me by Messieurs Devigny, the great merchants at Marseilles ?

Count. The same, Sir.

Sir Paul. Why, then, what do you mean ?

Count. When I first paid my addresses to this lady, I imagined my rank and family were a sufficient counterpoise to wealth.

Sir Paul. Ha ! Gold in one scale, honour in t'other ?—Flimsy ware !—No, no—Kick the beam—

Count. But, ardent, violent, and eternal, as my love for your angelic daughter is, and must be, even the loss of her shall not tempt me, any longer, to practise the least imposition.

Sir Paul. Well, but, 's blood ! The steward ! The family estates !

Count. I have told you the truth, Sir.

Enter LYDIA.

Lucy. What's the matter, Lydia ?

Lydia. Poor Mr. Mac Dermot—!

Count. What of him ?—Any harm ?

Lydia. He has been in some fray, and is so bruised !

Count. Bruised ! Where is he ?

Lydia. Below, with a packet, which he wants to deliver to Sir Paul.

Sir Paul. To me ?

Lydia. Yes, Sir. Pray go to him.

Sir

Sir Paul. A packet for me ! [*Going*] I shall never hear the last of this from my Lady !

[*Exit Sir Paul.*]

Lucy. Brother, go to my mamma, and endeavour to keep her in temper. [*To the Count*] Be not dejected ! I know my father's affection for me, and do not yet despair. [*Exit after Sir Paul.*]

Count. Charming, generous girl !—This poor Mac Dermot !

Lydia. He is afraid of seeing you. He says you will never pardon him, for having taken the part of some man, whom you threatened to murder !

Count. I ? I threatened to murder no man !—Will you, Madam, be so kind as to tell him I am here ; and that I insist on seeing him ?

Lydia. With pleasure. [*Exit.*]

Count. Kingdoms should not tempt me to pass another day like this !

Enter MAC DERMOT, *with his left Arm in a Sling.*

Count. How now, Mac Dermot ! Where have you been ? What's the matter with you ?

Mac D. No great matter, my Lord—Only a little bit of a joint here. [*Pointing to his arm.*]

Count. [*Alarmed*] Broken ?

Mac D. A double tooth or two—Not much, my Lord.

Count. Much !—How ?—What have you been doing ?

Mac D. [*Pitifully*] I hope your Lordship won't be angry ! [*Enraged*] But the rascals fazed him neck and heels !

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85 THE SCHOOL FOR ARROGANCE:

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Count. Seized who ?

Mac D. [*Passionately*] He was as innocent as the babe unborn, my Lord, and he tould 'em so : [*Rage*] the dirty rapscallions !

Count. Who are you talking of ?

Mac D. [*Pitifully*] To be sure, he—he sent your Lordship a—a viry impartinent letter.

Count. How ? [*The Count's perplexities and passions are here effectually roused, and increase through the scene.*]

Mac D. There were three of them. Niver did your Lordship set your two good-looking eyes on such a pair of thieves !

Count. For heaven's sake, tell your story straight forward ! What letter do you mean ? Who ?

Mac D. [*With great emotion*] I hope your Lordship will forget and forgive ! It would have moved the bowels of your compassion, to have seen the ould gentleman !

Count. Is it possible ? What can he mean ? What old gentleman ?

Mac D. [*Enraged*] The dirty shaberoons took him by the throat—My viry blood boiled ! —Upon my soul, my Lord, I could not bear it ! I hope you will forgive me ! By the merciful father, I could not bear it !

Count. Tell me, this moment, who you mean !

Mac D. He came running back, out of breath, and asked for your Lordship. And so, my Lord, [*Pleading*] being a fillow-crater in distrifs—

Count. Came where ?

Mac D. A couple of as ill-looking Tyburn-turnpike bum-bailiffs as your Lordship could wish !

wish ! With a cowardly complotter at their back ! It was he that came behind me with his shillalee, while I was hard at work with them both. But the brave ould gentleman stepped in ; and, by the Virgin's night-cap, but he gave him his dose !

Count. Once more, tell me instantly, what old gentleman ?

Mac D. Considering his age, he is as active, and as brave a fillow, as ever handled a fist.

Count. [*Aside*] He cannot surely mean my father ! Mac Dermot, I entreat, I command you to tell me of whom you are talking.

Mac D. If your Lordship had but seen the noble ould soul, I'm sure you would have forgiven me.

Count. But what letter—?

Mac D. Oh ! The divle burn the letter ! Now, my Lord, don't mention it ! Pray don't remimber it, your Lordship ! Pray don't ! By my soul, now, my Lord, he is a fine ould fillow ! Oh ! How he laid about him !

Count. Was it the person who came this afternoon ?

Mac D. My Lord—

Count. Fear nothing ! Speak.

Mac D. Why, then, my Lord—To be sure—it was he himsilf.

Count. And is he safe ? Did you free him from them ?

Mac D. Why, my Lord, I could not hilp it ! [*Emphatically*] I could not hilp it ! By the holy footstool, but I couldn't !

Count. Mac Dermot ! [*Taking him by the hand.*]

Mac D. My Lord !

Count. Well, well ! A time will come—

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Mac D. My Lord !

Count. Are you much hurt, Mac Dermot ?
—Here !—Hollo !—[*Enter a Footman*] Call a
chair ! Run for a surgeon and a physician ! The
best that can be procured.

Mac D. For me, my Lord ?

Count. For you, my noble fellow !

Mac D. Spare yourself the labour, young
man.

Count. Go ! Do as I order you ; instantly.
[*Exit Footman.*] Mac Dermot, you must be put
to bed !

Mac D. To bed, my Lord !

Count. And lose some blood !

Mac D. Faith, my Lord, that will be a little
too much ! I've lost quite blood enough already.

Count. Pray ! I request ! I must have you do
as I desire ! I would not have any ill happen to
you, for the world !

Mac D. Oh ! And the divle of ill or harm can
happen to Mac Dermot, the while he has such an
a ginerous prince royal of a master ! Though I
believe, the best thing that could happen to me
just now, would be a good supper, and a hearty
tiff of whisky punch.

Count. Not for the Indies !

Mac D. Faith, my Lord ; it was hard work ;
and has given me a very craving kind of a call.

[*Re-enter Footman.*]

Foot. The chair is waiting, Sir.

Count. Go, my good fellow ! Obey me but
this once, and I'll never act the master to you
more.

Mac D. Well, well, my Lord. But I hope
your Lordship won't quite kill me with kind-
ness.

[*Exit.*
Enter

Enter SIR PAUL and LUCY.

Sir Paul. [*With the packet opened*] So, Count, I find, after all your pretended raptures, you never wished to marry my daughter!

Count. Sir!

Sir Paul. Why did not you retract like a man; and not make a paltry, false excuse of poverty?

Count. Sir, I made no false excuse!

Sir Paul. How, Sir! Shall I not believe my eyes? Have I not bills here in my hand, drawn in your favour, for five hundred thousand crowns?

Count. In mine!

Sir Paul. In yours! Given me this moment by your own servant.

Count. Impossible, Sir!

Sir Paul. Impossible, is it? Why, look you, here are the bills: and, hollo! [*Enter Footman*] Go you, Sir, and desire Mr. Mac Dermot to come back.

Count. Stir not for your life, on such an errand! He must not, shall not be disturbed.

Sir Paul. Nay, my word, it seems, is not to be believed; nor perhaps the bills themselves! But, Sir, though you vaunt so highly of being a man of honour, the trick was beneath a man of honesty.

Enter LADY PECKHAM and EDMUND.

Lady P. Here's a komakul kind of an obstroperous person, that says he must speak to the Count—You may come in, Mister.

Enter Mr. DORIMONT and LYDIA.

Sir Paul. Ah! What, my friend the steward!

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ard ! I am glad you are come ! Never was so amazed in my life ! Your master, here, has been telling me he has no estates !

Lady P. How !

Mr. Dor. My master, Sir !

Count. The feelings of man cannot support this open shame ! [*Crossing to go.*]

Mr. Dor. Whither now, Sir ?

Sir Paul. Ay ! Talk to him ! I'm in a mist !

Count. Suffer me to pass, Sir. [*Crosses to the door*] Speak the truth—Render me contemptible ! Abhorrent ! But make me not a witness of my own disgrace !

Mr. Dor. Stay, Sir !

Count. I cannot.

Mr. Dor. Stay ! Or dread a father's malediction !

Sir Paul. His Father ! The plague ! Hem ! —Lydia !

Lydia. Hush !

Lady P. Father, indeed ! What he ! So, so ! Here's a wirago ! Here's a chouse !

Sir Paul. My Lady—

Lady P. I thought what would be the upshot on't !

Edm. Madam. [*Takes her aside for a moment in dumb shew.*]

Mr. Dor. Spurred on by suppositions and conceits the most absurd, wholly intent upon yourself, contemning others, exacting respect you did not merit, refusing ceremony where 'twas due, protuberant with pride, yet poorly carping at and holding idiot warfare with the pride of others, forgetful of the dignity of reason, but with tenacious grasp clinging to the ludicrous

dicrous dignity of birth, the heir indeed and first born of Folly, ignorance itself has mocked and taunted at you!

Lady P. Wery troo! Give him his own!

Sir Paul. Zounds! My Lady!—I wish he would give you your own a little! Not but it's right enough!

Lady P. To be sure! I knows wery vell I am right.

Mr. Dor. Your father too has been avoided, nay disowned! Your father! Who for years has lived in indigence, that he might secretly supply your wants, support you in splendour, and preserve you from all the misery of which he made himself the willing victim!

Count. Sir! You! Was it you? Oh! Ingratitude!

Mr. Dor. Your father was offensive to your sight! And what was it you despised? Why this poor garb! You wished no kindred with virtuous poverty! Had I appeared in all my former state, though knave or fool had been blazoned on my brow, yet, decked in the trappings of magnificence, I had received an open welcome. But, blest be my penury! Since it has been your punishment.

Count. Sir, wrung as my heart is by remorse, and guilty as I know myself, for I have still increase of guilt, no words can mitigate my crimes. Yet, though I have erred, I feel I have something in me capable of good; and strong propensities to all the tender ties, the filial duties, and the severer virtues which I have seemed to want; a mind which, once convinced, has strength to shun and to subdue its master passion,

sion, renounce its folly, and abhor its turpitude. Deep is my offence against you and nature ! But let nature plead in my behalf. Here at your feet, repentant for my faults, I claim that pity which a father so good, and so affectionate, will not sure refuse.

Mr. *Dor.* Oh ! No—For now you speak like the son of my heart, the image of my brightest hopes ! You have stood the fiery trial, and are pure !

Lady *P.* Why but hark you me, Mister—Why what ! You are not a Count too, to be sure !

Mr. *Dor.* No, Madam.

Lady *P.* Why then—

Mr. *Dor.* If a title can flatter your Ladyship, mine is something higher.

Lady *P.* How !

Mr. *Dor.* I am a Marquis.

Lady *P.* A Marquis ! You ! Vell ! [*Aside*] For an outlandish Marquis !

Edm. My Lady— !

Sir *Paul.* Well but the bills ? [*Holding them out in his hand.*]

Mr. *Dor.* They are mine.

Count. Yours, Sir !

Mr. *Dor.* Remittances for some recovered arrears.—But where is my brave protector ? My hero !

Count. Safe, Sir ! Every care is taken of the generous fellow.—Is the physician come ?

Sir *Paul.* Yes, yes. I have taken care of that. I have sent him my own physician. Hem ! —[*Aside*] My cook !

Count. You know not half his worth !

Mr. *Dor.* Which shall not go unrewarded.

Count.

Count. No, by heaven!

Mr. Dor. We have now the means; we no longer are oppressed and poor.

Count. Yet are you not in present danger?

Mr. Dor. No. Malice has spent its last effort. Our ambassador has just sent me the final decision of the judges: my sentence is reversed, my whole estates are restored, and the power of my persecutors is at an end.

Count. Oh! Fortune! Oh! My Father!—
And may I hope it?—My Lucy! May I—?

Lucy. Yes! Hope every thing!

Count. Mine!

Lucy. Yours! Heart and soul!

Sir Paul. She is a brave wench!

Lady P. Hold a blow, if you please! What!
Am I nobody?

Count. Madam, to you a thousand excuses are due.

Lady P. To be sure they are!

Count. I am conscious of my past ridicule, and will no more contend with your ladyship, for prejudices so false and weak.

Lady P. I knoo I vus right! I knoo you made yourself ridiculous! I told you so often enough!

Sir Paul. Well said, my Lady!—But hark you, Miss Lydia—[*Significantly*] And, Sir.

Mr. Dor. A moment's patience, Sir.—
Count! How shall I tell him?—My son! Look at this charming, this virtuous young lady.

Sir Paul. [*Aside*] Zounds! What now?

Count. I am conscious of having treated her
O with

with proud unkindness, at the very moment too, when I perceived she was sincerely my friend.

Mr. Dor. Your friend!—Look at her! Does not your heart throb? Feel you not sensations more tender?—Are you not all doubt, all hope, all fear, all perturbation?

Count. Sir!—What!—Who?

Mr. Dor. Can you not imagine?—Look at her, I say!—Behold her agitation!

Count. Mercy!

Mr. Dor. Open your arms, your heart, to receive her—

Count. Sir! Madam! Who?

Mr. Dor. Your sister!

Count. My sister!

Lydia. My dearest, best of brothers! [*Running into his arms.*]

Lucy. My friend! My Lydia!

Count. Oh! How culpable have I been!

Sir Paul. [*Aside*] 'Sblood! Here's a pretty piece of business!

Lady P. What's that you say, Sir? Miss Liddy the Count's sister!

Edm. 'Tis very true, Madam.

Lady P. Troo! Vell, I purtest I'm quite in a quandary!

Mr. Dor. [*To Sir Paul.*] And now, Sir—

Sir Paul. [*Aside*] Yes, 'tis my turn now!—Yes, Sir!

Mr. Dor. While labouring to reclaim the follies of youth—

Sir Paul. Yes, Sir!

Mr. Dor. We ought not to forget the vices of age.

Sir Paul. Hem! We'll talk of them after supper, Sir. [*Looking round at Lady Peckham and the company.*]

Mr. Dor. Well, Sir, on condition—

Sir Paul. Oh! Any condition you please, Sir!

Edm. [*Leading Lydia.*] My dear Father!—

Sir Paul. My kind son! [*Aside*] Sly rascal!

Lydia. [*To Sir Paul.*] We shall want a house, Sir.

Sir Paul. Hem! Ay, ay!

Lydia. Somewhere in Mary-le-bone.

Sir Paul. Very well!

Lydia. With a—

Sir Paul. Zounds! [*Aside to Lydia*] Hush! Don't mention the back door!

Lydia. Then we are all friends?

Sir Paul. To be sure—But, you may as well not tell Scapegrace!

Lydia. Never fear.

Sir Paul. Not a word of the new liveries!

Lydia. Depend upon my honour.

Count. My sister and my friend! Can it be?

Edm. Would you not wish it thus?

Count. Oh! Most ardently!

Mr. Dor. Chequered are the scenes of life. Pleasure and pain, joy and grief, austerity and laughter, intermingling, weave a motley web. Our prejudices are our punishments: they cling about us, warp our actions, distort our manners, render us the food of satire, the mockery of fools, and torture us, as wailing urchins are tormented to make sport for boys. Error and folly impede the progress of perfec-

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tion. Truth alone can make men wise and happy. Myself the sacrifice of falsehood and mistake, feebly have I striven to stem the torrent : and here my task, and here I hope my troubles end.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. MATTOCKS.

THE curtain dropt, of course the author sends
Me to salute our gen'rous noble friends !
To me you listen, he politely says,
Whene'er I prattle, with a wish to praise.
For kindness so unceasing may you be
As happy, ev'ry soul, as your applause makes me !
But to my text—The theme to-night is Pride :
Much have we said—and much more have implied.
Our boldest strokes are feeble, nor can shew
The child of Pride with half his genuine glow ;
Of Pride, which can such various forms assume ;
Now rise an emperor, now sink a groom.

Mounted aloft, the wonder of his age,
With hackney coachmen furious war to wage ;
Six swandown waistcoats swathe him into shape ;
His legs all buckskin, and his coat all cape ;
With manners, looks, and language such you'd swear
His tutor had been Piccadilly's Bear ;
When most contemptible most hoping praise,
And only envious of the groom he pays ;
Four dappled greys in front, behind three men ;
Down Pall-Mall dashing, to dash up again ;
Then only in his height and pomp of pride,
When Girl or Gambler's seated by his side ;

Driving

Driving by day, dicing by night, his passion ;
 Such is the modern man of high-flown fashion !
 Such are the scions sprung from Runny-Mead !
 The richest soil, that bears the rankest weed !
 Potatoc like, the sprouts are worthless found ;
 And all that's good of them is under ground.

Of Pride one single sketch in crayons more.
 Behold her torch ! Hark ! Thunder shakes the door !
 The carriage stops ; the footmen make a lane ;
 The feathers stoop, and enter Lady Jane :
 Perfect in how d'ye do, drop, bob, and bow.
 (Curtseys, my friends, are out of fashion now)—[*To the
 Galleries*]

First to his Grace ; next to the next of birth :
 She none forgets—save genius, wit, and worth ;
 Whom if she mark, 'tis with a modish stare,
 To ask who knows them ? or, How came they there ?

Now at the bank, in antichamber kept,
 Where Pharaoh's host twelve tedious hours had slept,
 She seats herself, like palpitating lover,
 Eager the last night's losses to recover.
 No sense of virtue, dignity, or shame :
 Her greatest pride her knowledge of the game.
 That pride most piqued, most mortified, to see
 A Nabob's wife stake larger fums than she !
 And now three anxious hours have slipped away :
 Three hundreds have been lost, in piddling play.
 No luck for her ! Aloud fresh cards she calls :
 Her passions rising as her pocket falls.
 She punts : again she loses ; and again !
 Oaths quiver on her lip ! She names the ten.

Stung

Stung to the soul, a desp'rate sett she makes ;
Till even the winning banker deals and quakes.
Ghastly she pants, with horror in her eye,
To be the first the fatal card to spy.
The fatal card is turn'd, and ends the reign
Of Fashion, Folly, Pride, and Lady Jane !
Here too we end ; oblig'd ourselves to own
Our pride is great—when we can please the town.

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